Our Gang

MARCH-APRIL

COMICS

10¢

No. 4

FIRE
7
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cheef
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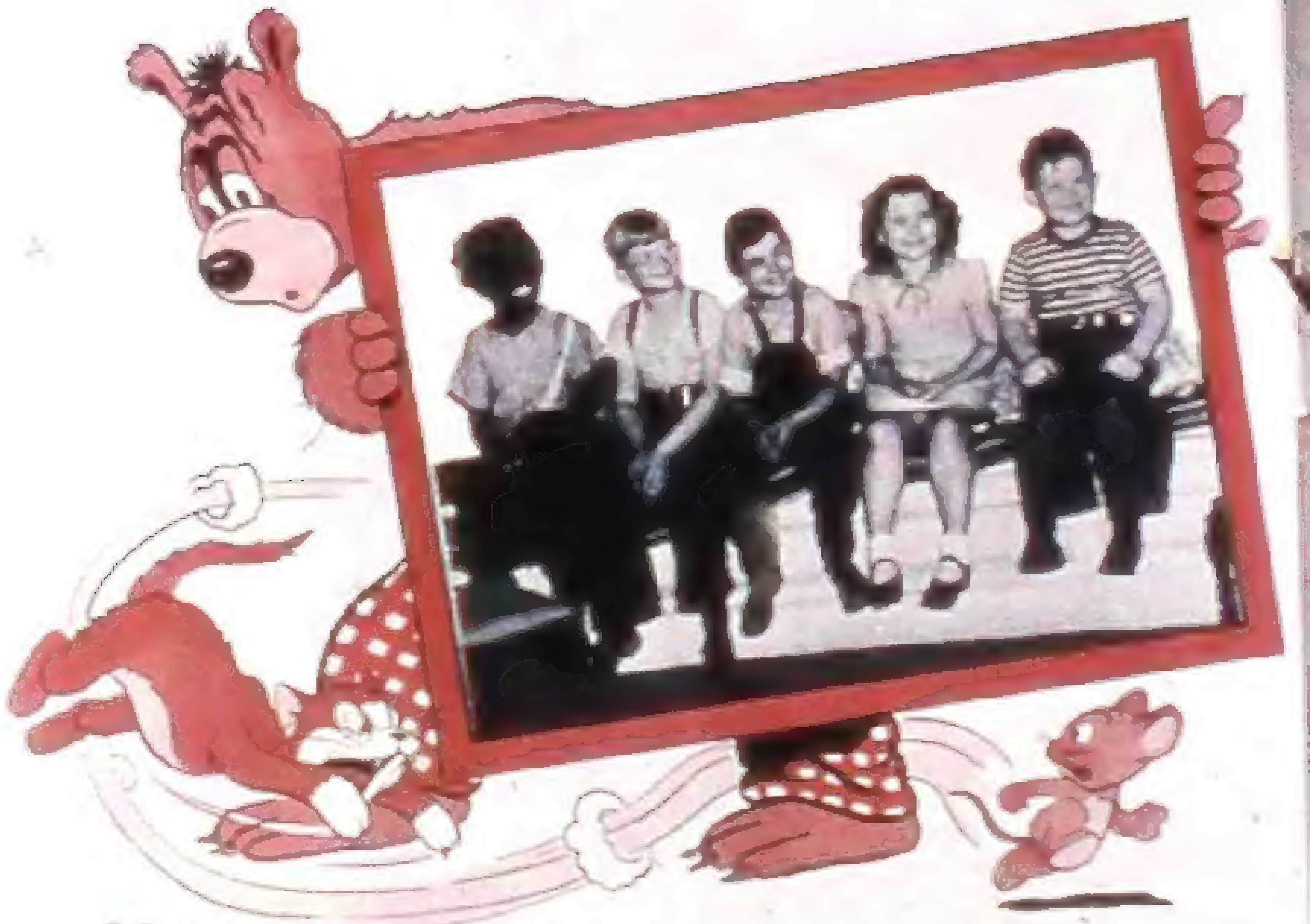
FIRE

OUR GANG
ARNEY BEAR
ENNY BURRO • PETE SMITH • KING
FLIP AND DIP
TOM AND JERRY



DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

THE "GANG" LET ME BE THE EDITOR THIZ TIME AND I' HOPING THAT YOU'LL LIKE THIS ISSUE. WE'VE FOUND A LOT O GOOD STORIEZ AND PICTURES FOR YOU.

HERE'S WHAT YOU'LL SEE IN THIS MAGAZINE.

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BENNY BURRO... " 4
JIMMY WELLS.... " 5
KING .... " 5

ALL YOUR OLD FRIENDS ARE BACK HAVING A LOT OF FUN AND SOME EXCITING ADVENTURES.

I'LL BE SEEING YOU IN THE MOVIES.

HERE I AM

EDITOR JANET BURSTON

OUR GANG COMICS, Vol. 1, No. 4, March-April, 1943. Published bi-monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter September 17, 1942 at the Post Office at New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Subscriptions in U. S. A., 50 er year; single copies, 10 cents. No Canadian or Foreign subscriptions accepted.

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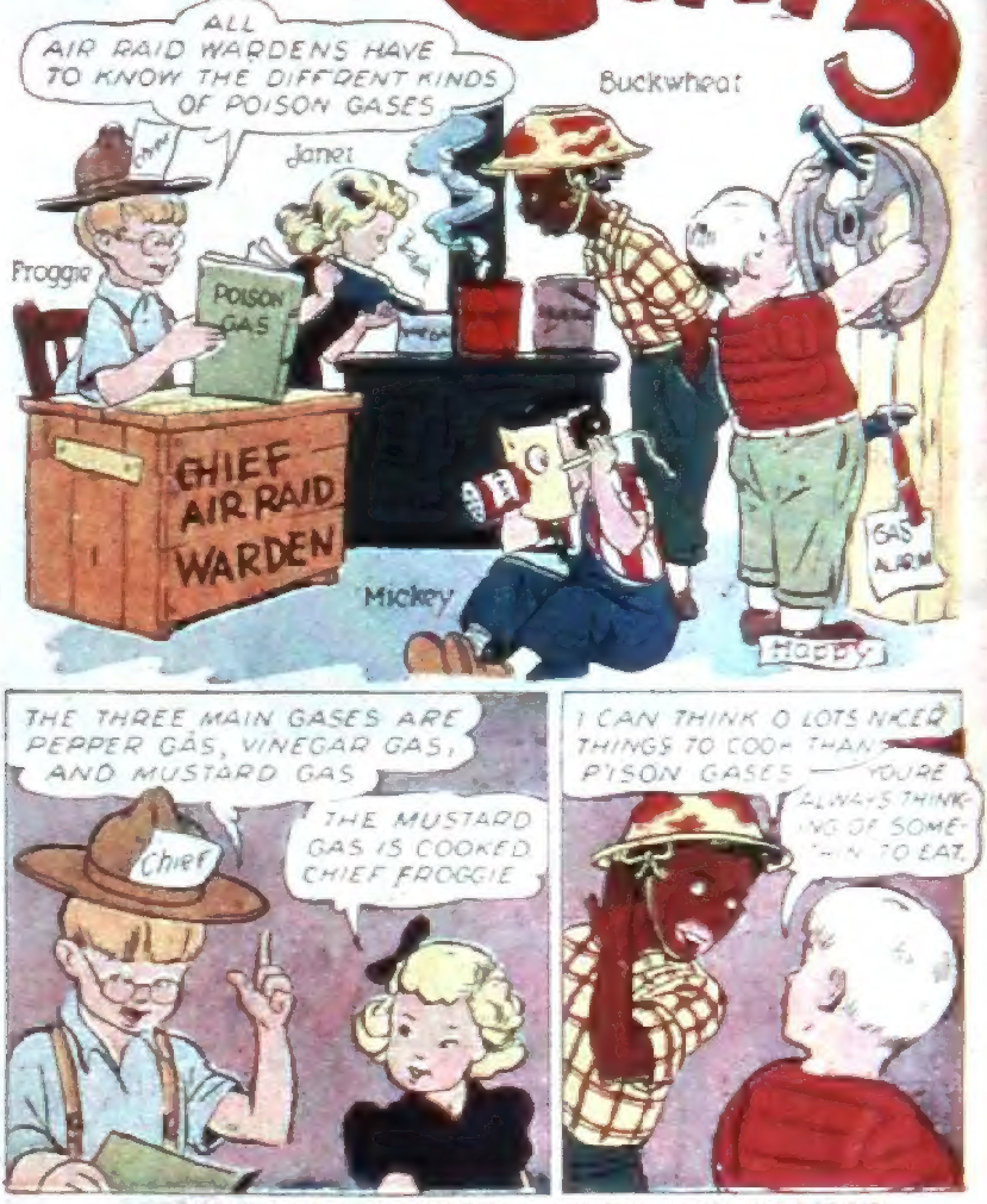
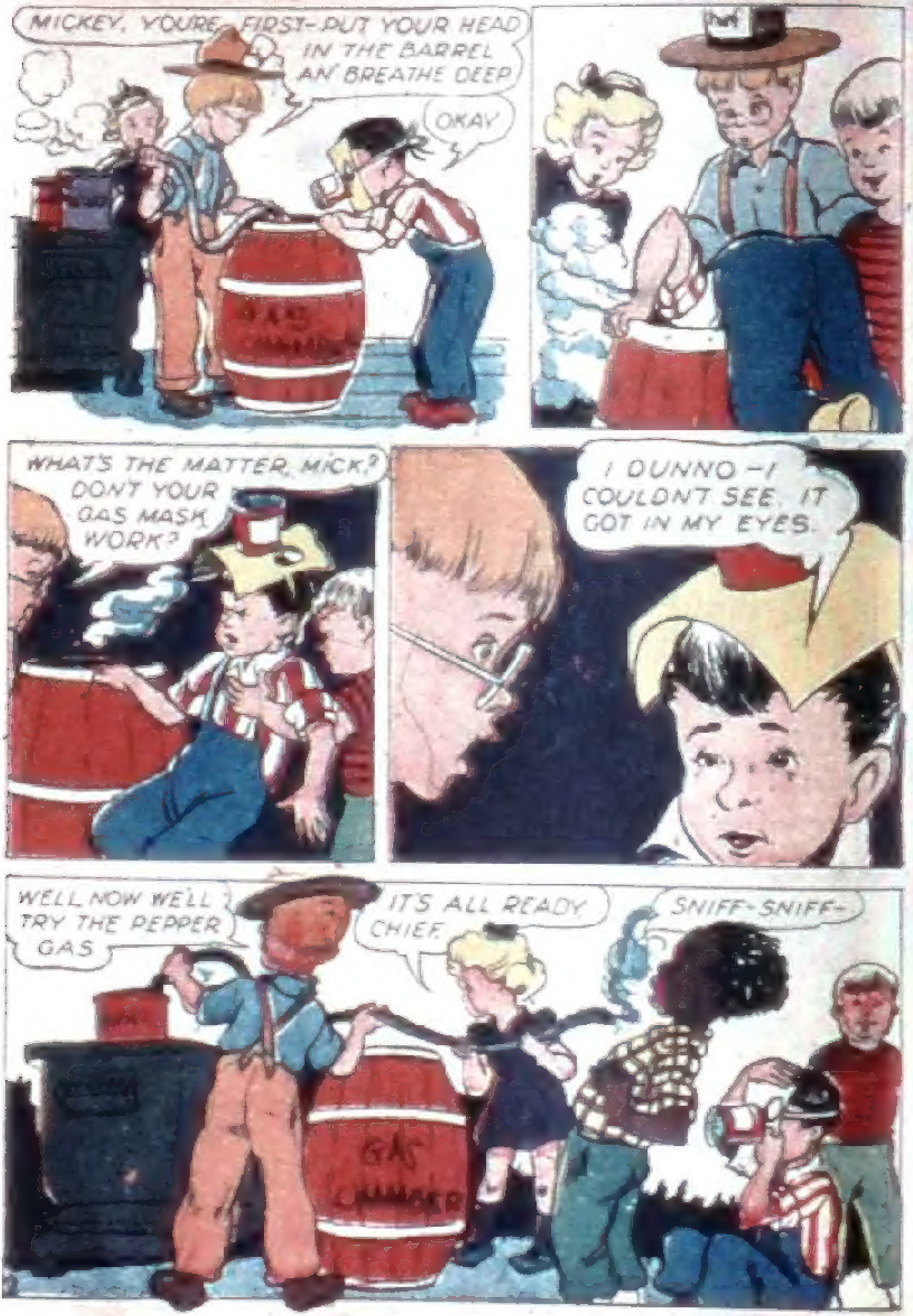
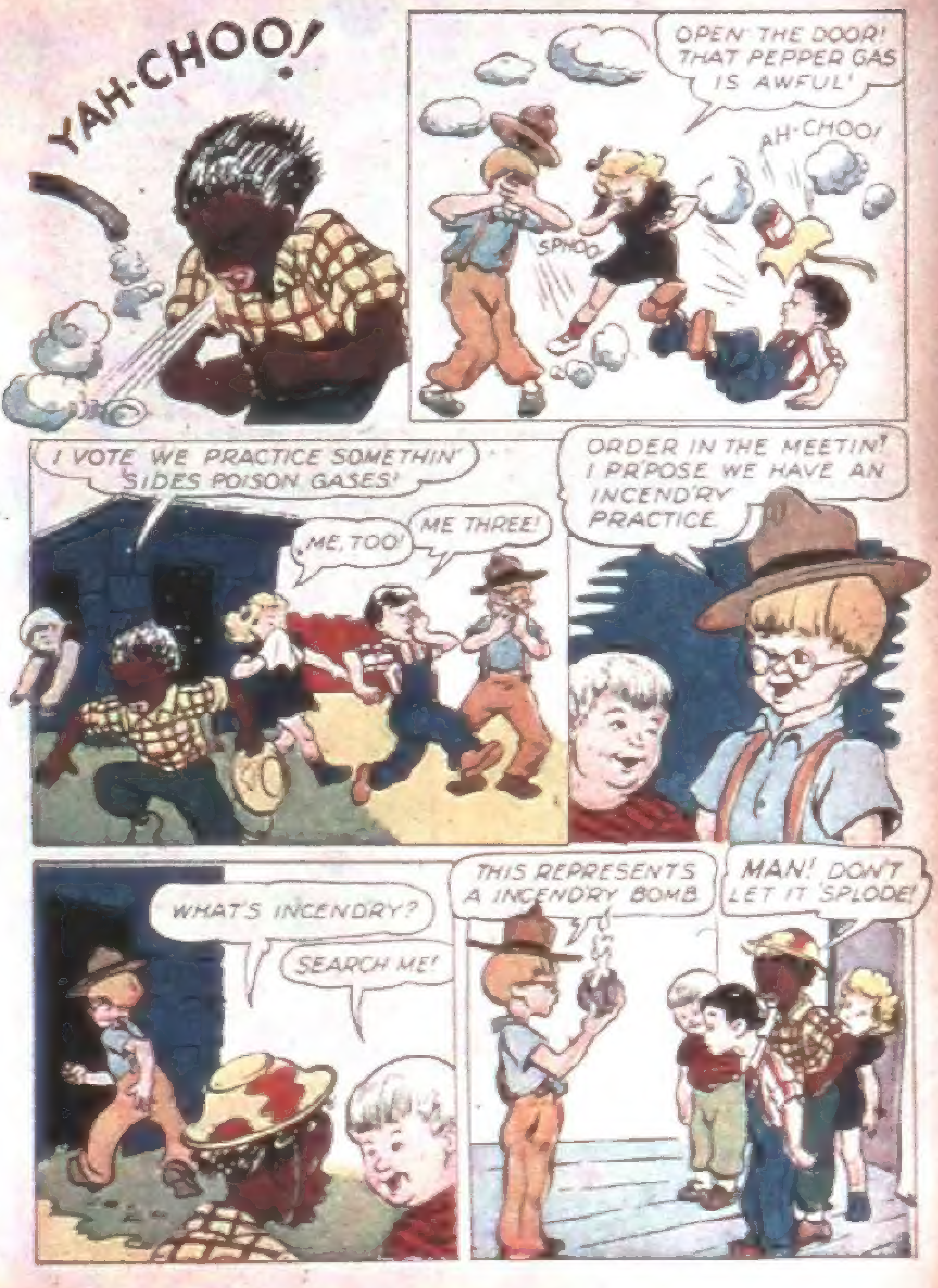
Bonnie Collins

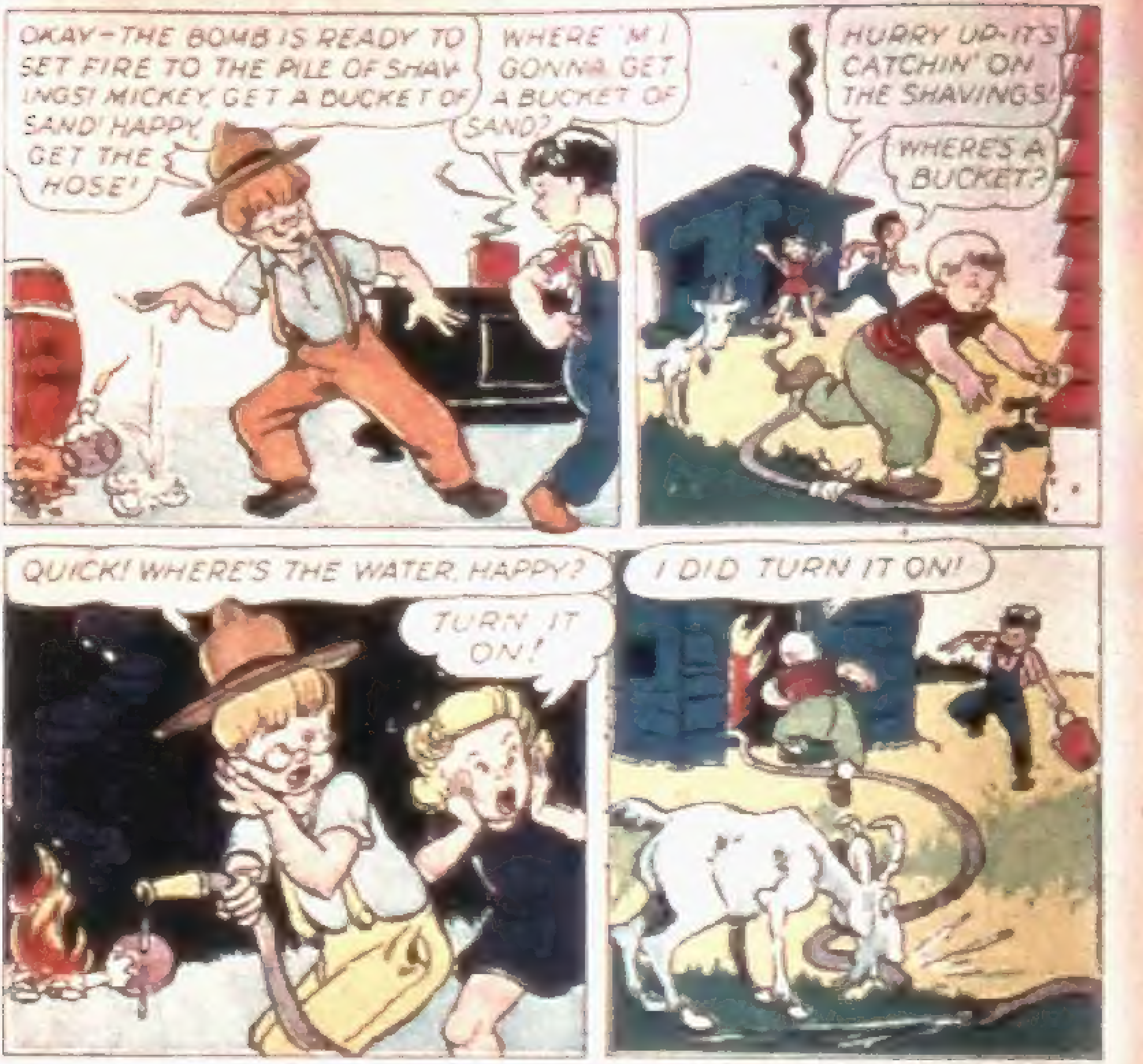
Our Gang

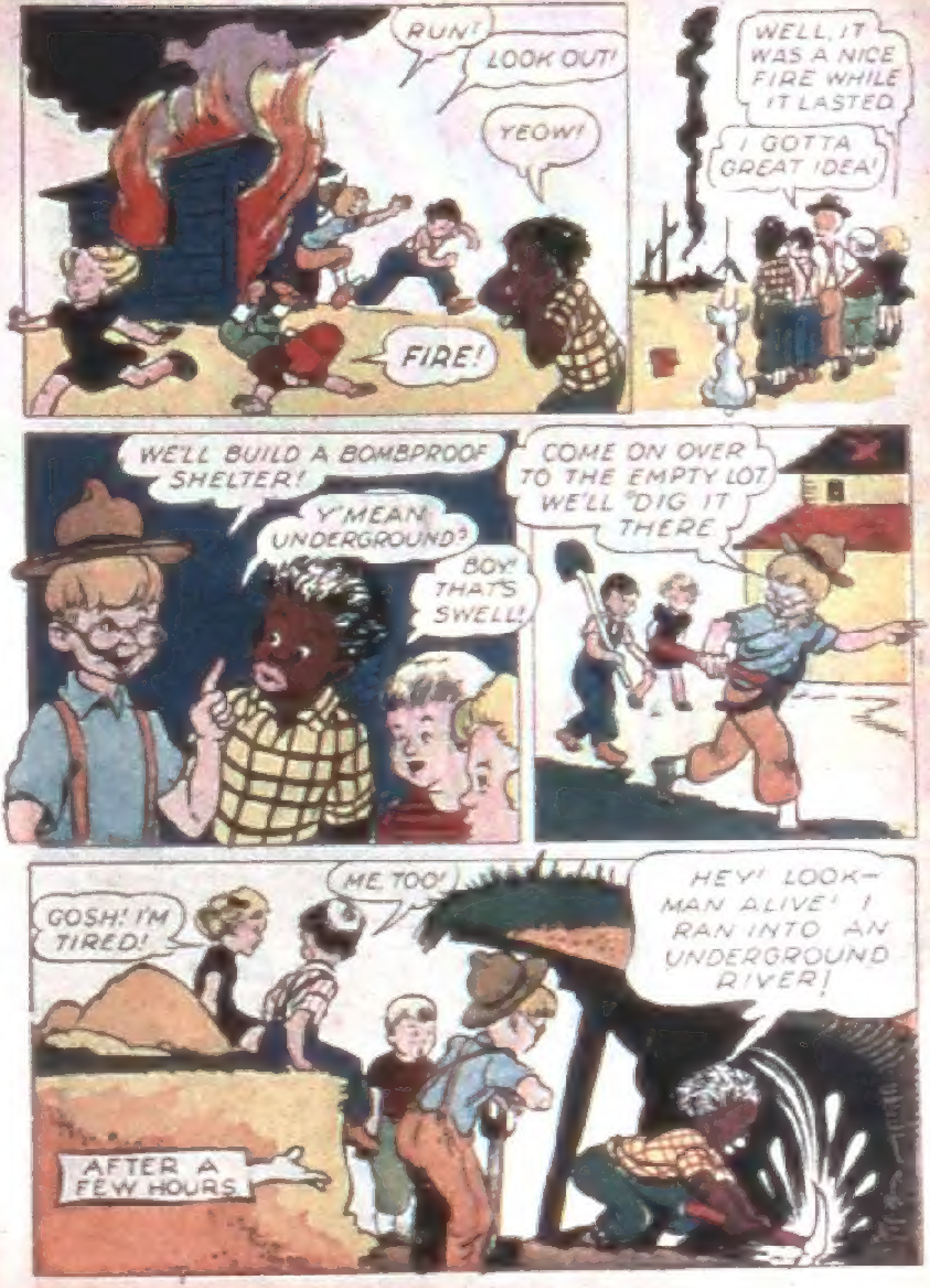

ALL AIR RAID WARDENS HAVE TO KNOW THE DIFF'RENT KINDS OF POISON GASES
Buckwheat
Janet
Froggie
Chief
POISON GAS
CHIEF AIR RAID WARDEN
GAS ALARM
Mickey
Happy
THE THREE MAIN GASES ARE PEPPER GAS, VINEGAR GAS, AND MUSTARD GAS
THE MUSTARD GAS IS COOKED CHIEF FROGGIE
Chief
I CAN THINK O LOTS NICER THINGS TO COOK THAN P'ISON GASES
YOU'RE ALWAYS THINKING OF SOMETHIN TO EAT.

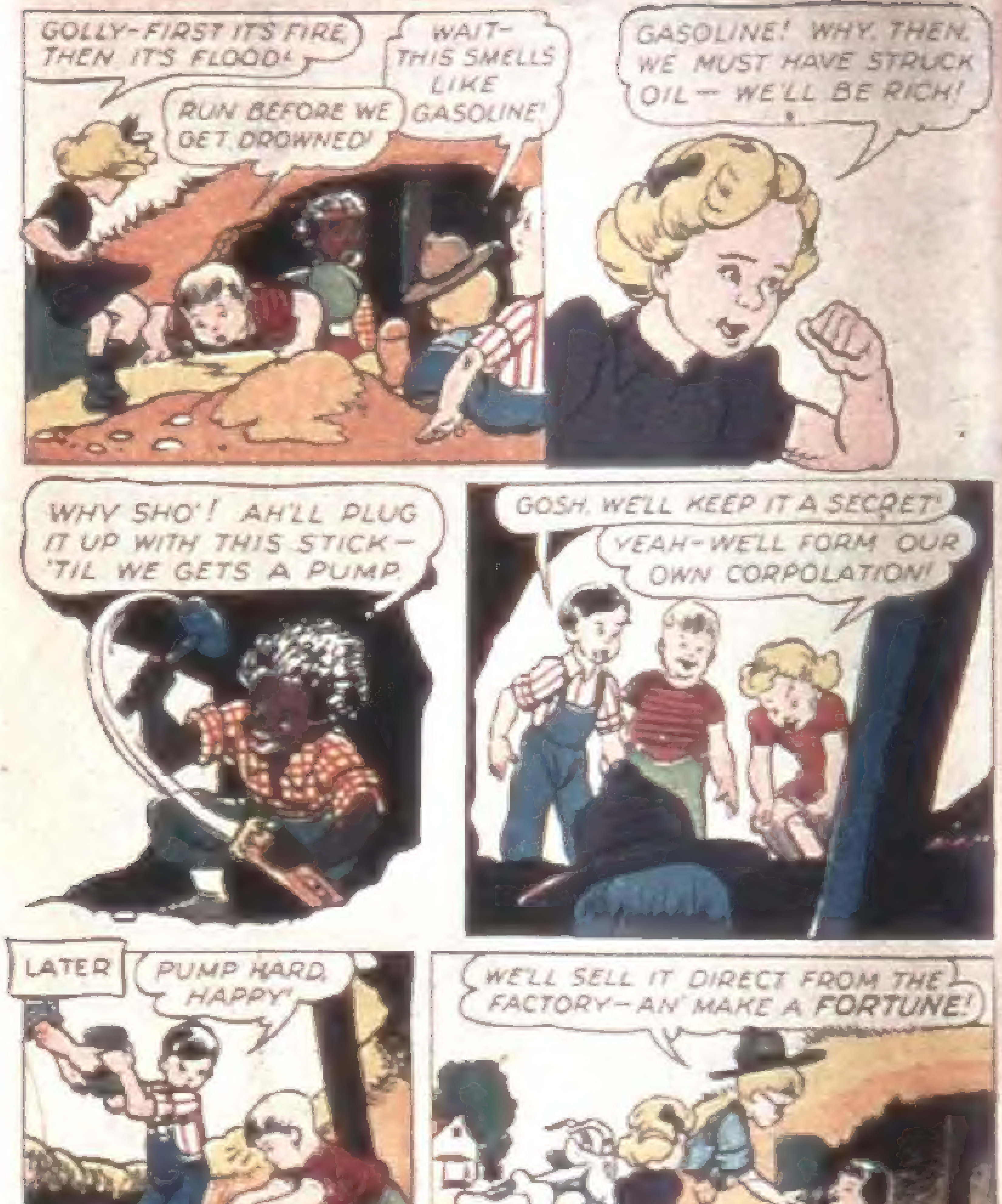
BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

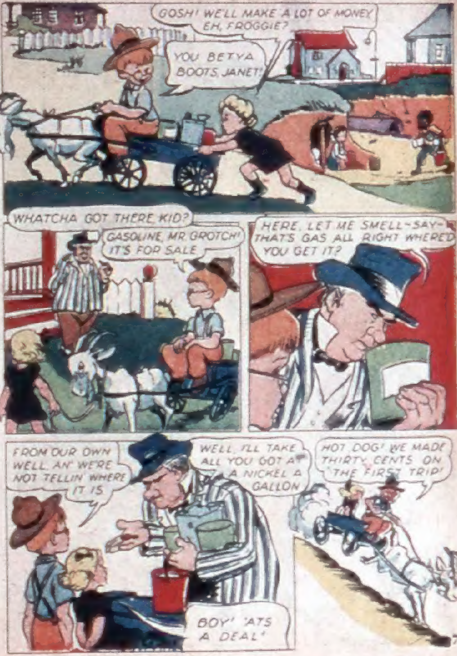

MICKEY, YOURE FIRST—PUT YOUR HEAD IN THE BARREL AN' BREATHE DEEP
OKAY
WHAT'S THE MATTER, MICK? DON'T YOUR GAS MASK WORK?
I DUNNO—I COULDNT SEE. IT GOT IN MY EYES.
WELL, NOW WE'LL TRY THE PEPPER GAS
IT'S ALL READY CHIEF.
SNIFF-SNIFF-
GAS CHAMBER

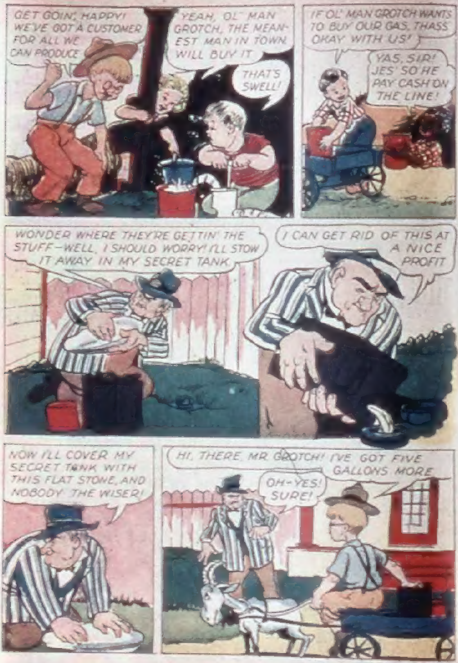

YAH-CHOO!
OPEN THE DOOR! THAT PEPPER GAS IS AWFUL!
AH-CHOO!
SPHOO!
I VOTE WE PRACTICE SOMETHIN' 'SIDES POISON GASES!
ME, TOO!
ME THREE!
ORDER IN THE MEETIN'! I PR'POSE WE HAVE AN INCEND'RY PRACTICE.
WHAT'S INCENDRY?
SEARCH ME!
THIS REPRESENTS A INCEND'RY BOMB
MAN! DON'T LET IT 'SPLODE!

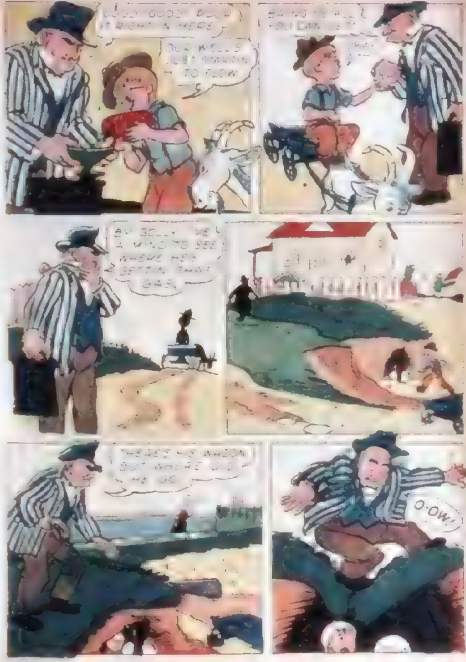

OKAY—THE BOMB IS READY TO SET FIRE TO THE PILE OF SHAVINGS! MICKEY, GET A BUCKET OF SAND! HAPPY, GET THE HOSE!
WHERE 'M I GONNA GET A BUCKET OF SAND?
HURRY UP—IT'S CATCHIN' ON THE SHAVINGS!
WHERE'S A BUCKET?
QUICK! WHERE'S THE WATER, HAPPY?
TURN IT ON!
I DID TURN IT ON!
THERE'S NO PRESSURE!
LET'S SCRAM!
HERE'S THE SAND—OOF!

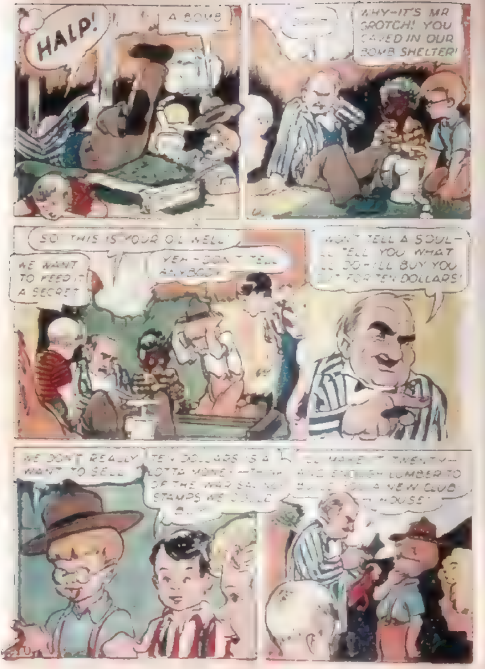

RUN!
LOOK OUT!
YEOW!
FIRE!
WELL, IT WAS A NICE FIRE WHILE IT LASTED.
I GOTTA GREAT IDEA!
WE'LL BUILD A BOMBPROOF SHELTER!
Y'MEAN UNDERGROUND?
BOY! THAT'S SWELL!
COME ON OVER TO THE EMPTY LOT. WE'LL DIG IT THERE.
GOSH! I'M TIRED!
ME TOO!
HEY! LOOK— MAN ALIVE! I RAN INTO AN UNDERGROUND RIVER!
AFTER A FEW HOURS.

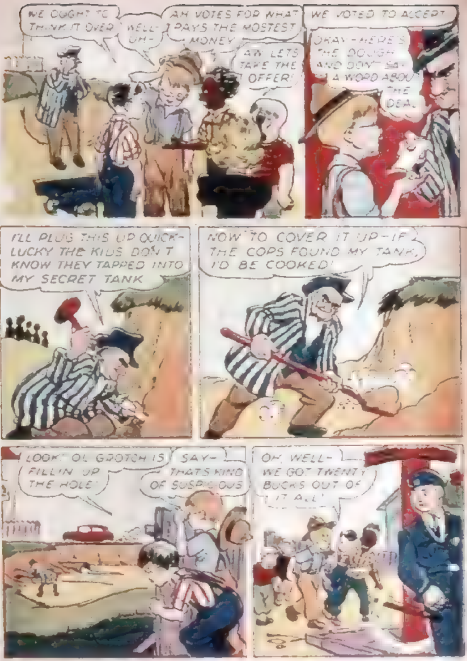

GOLLY-FIRST IT'S FIRE, THEN IT'S FLOOD!
RUN BEFORE WE GET DROWNED!
WAIT-THIS SMELLS LIKE GASOLINE!
GASOLINE! WHY, THEN, WE MUST HAVE STRUCK OIL — WE'LL BE RICH!
WHY SHO'! AH'LL PLUG IT UP WITH THIS STICK-'TIL WE GETS A PUMP.
GOSH, WE'LL KEEP IT A SECRET!
YEAH-WE'LL FORM OUR OWN CORPOLATION!
LATER
PUMP HARD, HAPPY!
WE'LL SELL IT DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY—AN' MAKE A FORTUNE!

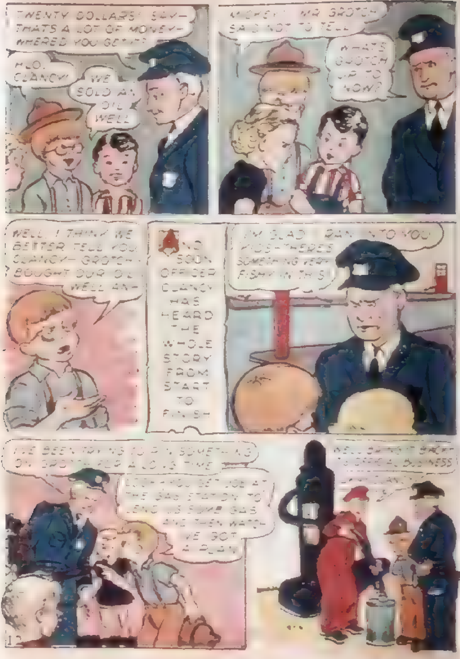

GOSH! WE'LL MAKE A LOT OF MONEY EH, FROGGIE?
YOU BETYA BOOTS, JANET!
WHATCHA GOT THERE KID?
GASOLINE, MR. GROTCH! IT'S FOR SALE
HERE, LET ME SMELL-SAY-THAT'S GAS ALL RIGHT WHERE'D YOU GET IT?
FROM OUR OWN WELL, AN' WE'RE NOT TELLIN' WHERE IT IS
WELL, I'LL TAKE ALL YOU GOT AT A NICKEL A GALLON
BOY! 'ATS A DEAL!
HOT DOG! WE MADE THIRTY CENTS ON THE FIRST TRIP!

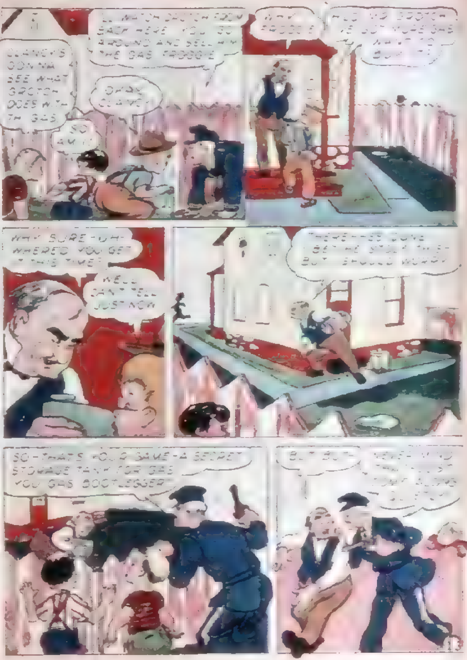

GET GOIN', HAPPY! WE'VE GOT A CUSTOMER FOR ALL WE CAN PRODUCE.
YEAH, OL' MAN GROTCH, THE MEANEST MAN IN TOWN, WILL BUY IT.
THAT'S SWELL!
IF OL' MAN GROTCH WANTS TO BUY OUR GAS, THASS OKAY WITH US!
YAS, SIR! JES' SO HE PAY CASH ON THE LINE!
WONDER WHERE THEY'RE GETTIN' THE STUFF—WELL, I SHOULD WORRY! I'LL STOW IT AWAY IN MY SECRET TANK.
I CAN GET RID OF THIS AT A NICE PROFIT
NOW I'LL COVER MY SECRET TANK WITH THIS FLAT STONE, AND NOBODY THE WISER!
HI, THERE, MR. GROTCH! I'VE GOT FIVE GALLONS MORE
OH—YES! SURE!

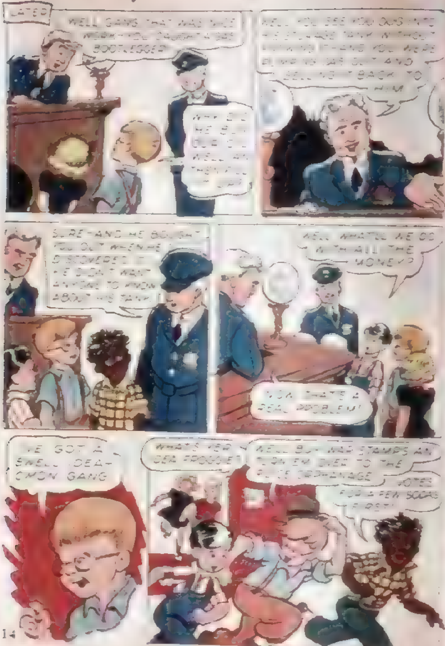

JUST GOOD! DUMP IT RIGHT IN HERE
OLE WELL'S JUST STARTIN' TO FLOW
BRING IT ALL YOU CAN GET
BY GOLLY, I'VE A MIND TO SEE WHERE HE'S GETTIN' THAT GAS.
THERE'S HIS WAGON, BUT WHERE DID HE GO?
O-OW!

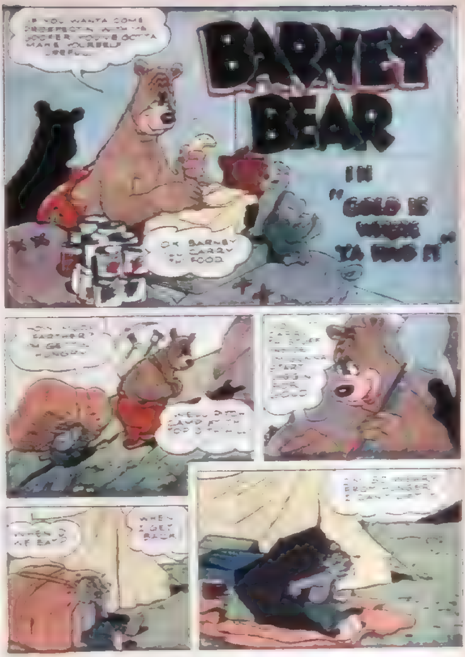

HALP!
A BOMB
WHY—IT'S MR GROTCH! YOU CAVED IN OUR BOMB SHELTER!
SO THIS IS YOUR OIL WELL
WE WANT TO KEEP IT A SECRET
YEH—DON'T TELL ANYBODY
WON'T TELL A SOUL—I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO—I'LL BUY YOU OUT FOR TEN DOLLARS!
WE DON'T REALLY WANT TO SELL
TEN DOLLARS IS A LOTTA MONEY—THINK OF THE WAR SAVING STAMPS WE COULD BUY
I'LL MAKE IT TWENTY— AND ENOUGH LUMBER TO BUILD YOU A NEW CLUB HOUSE!


WE OUGHT TO THINK IT OVER
WELL-UH-
AH VOTES FOR WHAT PAYS THE MOSTEST MONEY
AW LETS TAKE THE OFFER!
WE VOTED TO ACCEPT
OKAY-HERE'S THE DOUGH AND DON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT THE DEAL
I'LL PLUG THIS UP QUICK- LUCKY THE KIDS DON'T KNOW THEY TAPPED INTO MY SECRET TANK
NOW TO COVER IT UP-IF THE COPS FOUND MY TANK, I'D BE COOKED!
LOOK! OL GROTCH IS FILLIN' UP THE HOLE!
SAY- THAT'S KIND OF SUSPICIOUS
OH, WELL- WE GOT TWENTY BUCKS OUT OF IT ALL!

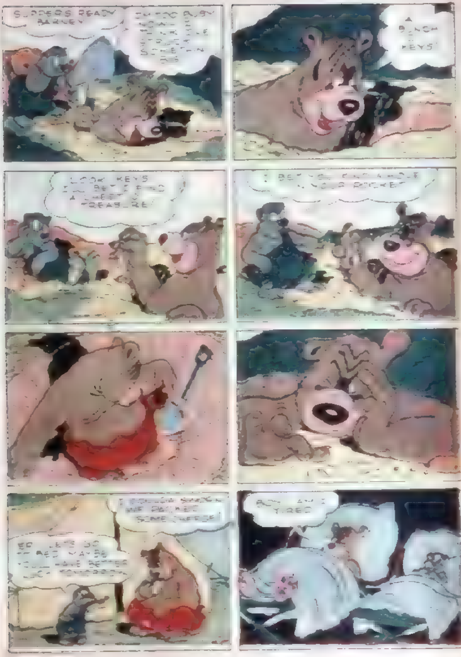

TWENTY DOLLARS! SAY— THATS A LOT OF MONEY— WHERE'D YOU GET IT?
H'LO, CLANCY!
WE SOLD AN OIL WELL
MONEY! MR GROTCH SAID NOT TO TELL
WHAT'S GROTCH UP TO NOW?
WELL, I THINK WE BETTER TELL YOU, CLANCY— GROTCH BOUGHT OUR OIL WELL AN—
AND SOON OFFICER CLANCY HAS HEARD THE WHOLE STORY FROM START TO FINISH
I'M GLAD I RAN INTO YOU KIDS—THERE'S SOMETHING VERY FISHY IN THIS!
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO PIN SOMETHING ON GROTCH FOR A LONG TIME
LOOK—YOU GET JOE AT THE GAS STATION TO LEND US SOME GAS AND THEN WATCH— WE GOT A PLAN
WELL, GOTTA GET BACK TO OFFICIAL BUSINESS
[illegible] CLANCY

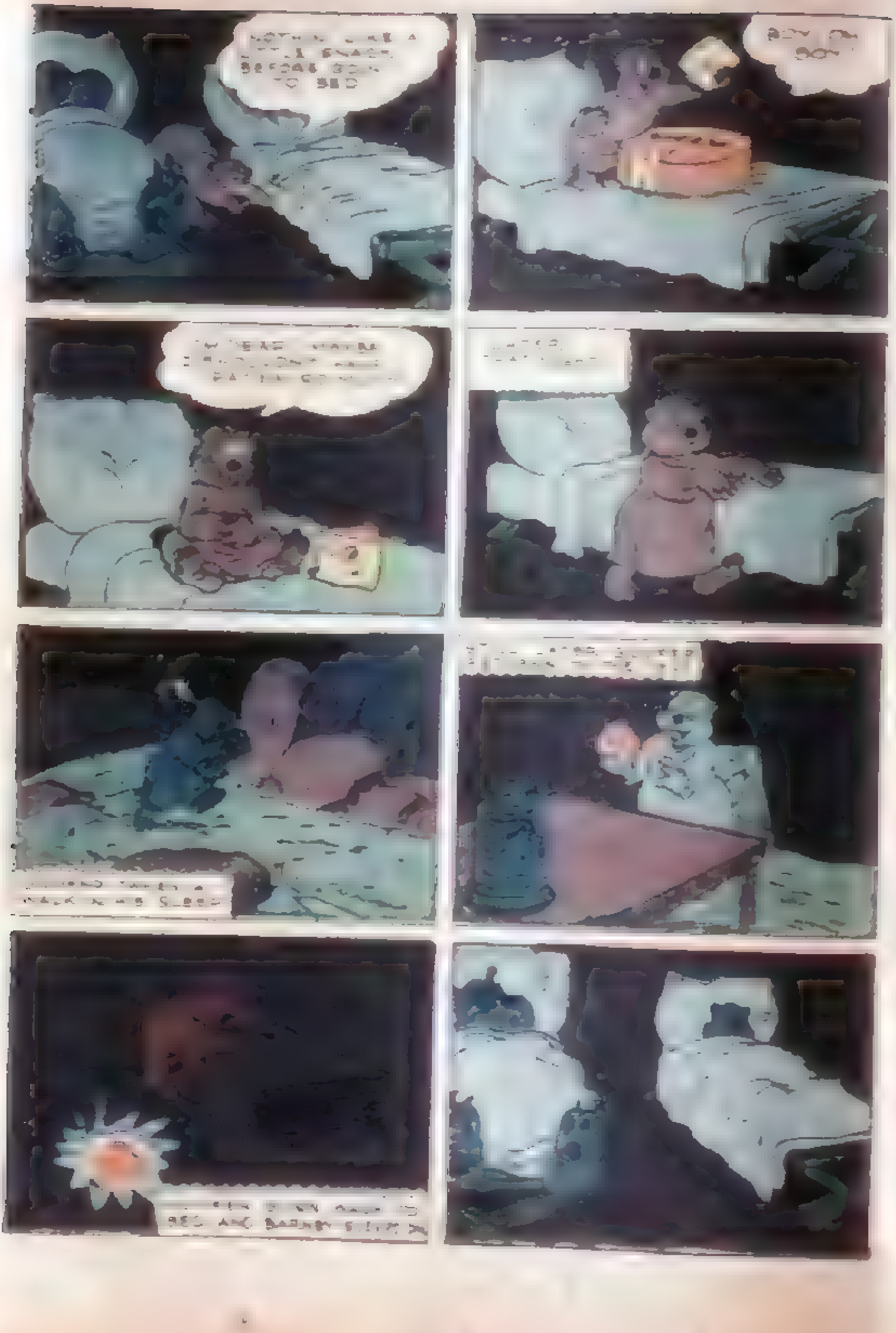

CLANCY'S GONNA SEE WHAT GROTCH DOES WITH TH' GAS.
I'LL WATCH GROTCH FROM BACK HERE - YOU GO AROUND AND SELL HIM THE GAS, FROGGIE
OKAY CLANCY
SO AM I
[illegible] FROGGIE
HELLO MR GROTCH I'VE GOT YOUR GAS [illegible] BUY IT?
WHY SURE - UH - WHERE'D YOU GET IT THIS TIME?
WELL CAN'T TELL JUST NOW
THERE HE GOES - I BET HE STOLE THIS - BUT I SHOULD WORRY
SO - THAT'S YOUR GAME - A SECRET STORAGE TANK FOR GAS YOU GAS BOOTLEGGER
BUT BUT -
NEVER MIND [illegible] COME ALONG [illegible]

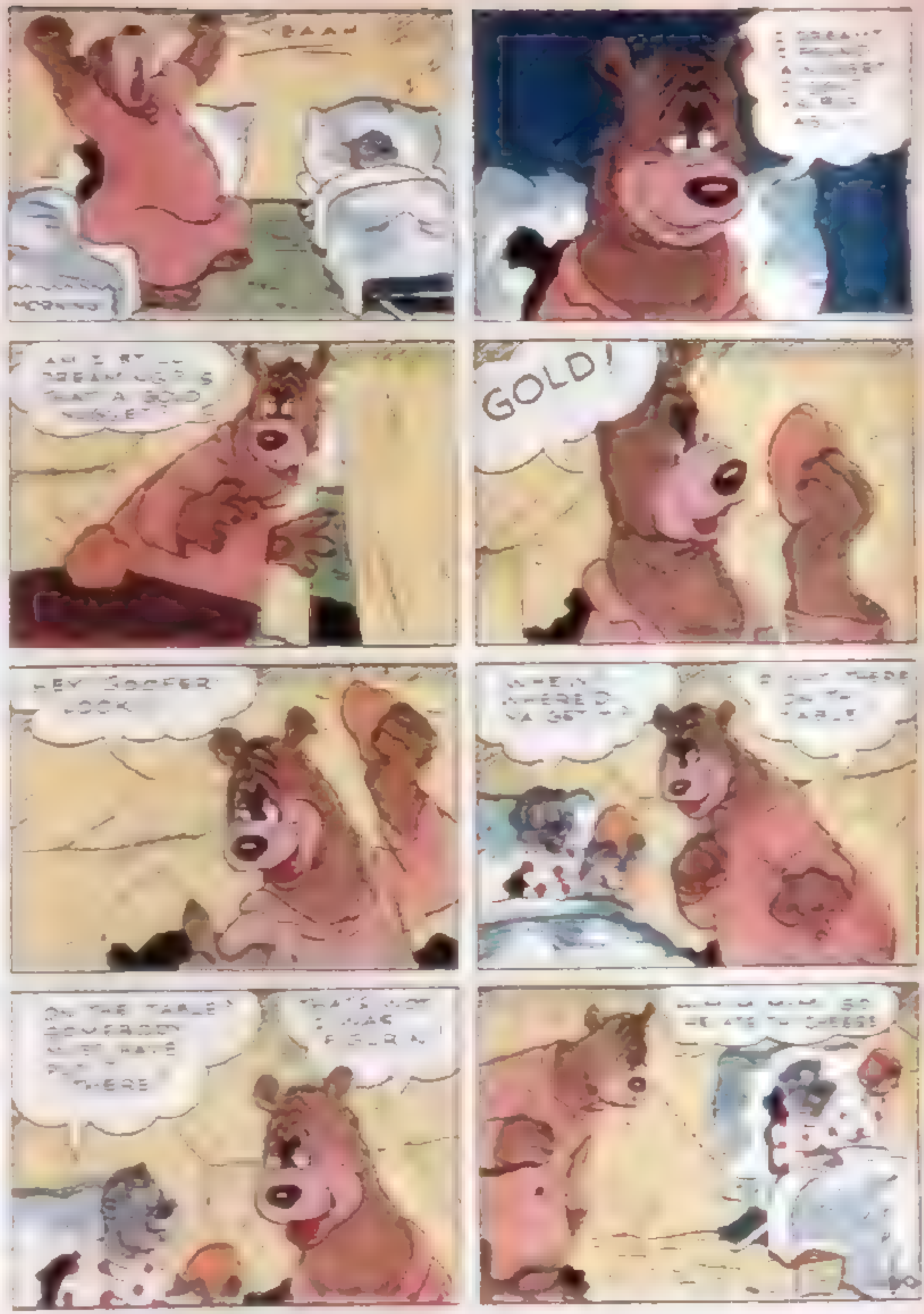

LATER
WELL GANG, THAT WAS NICE WORK—YOU CAUGHT A GAS BOOTLEGGER!
WHY DID HE BUY OUR OIL WELL AT THE [illegible]
WELL, YOU SEE YOU DUG INTO HIS STORAGE TANK WITHOUT KNOWING IT—AND YOU WERE DRAWING HIS GAS OUT AND SELLING IT BACK TO HIM!
SURE—AND HE BOUGHT YOU OUT WHEN HE DISCOVERED IT—HE DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW ABOUT HIS TANK!
WELL, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH ALL THE MONEY?
YEAH, THAT'S A REAL PROBLEM!
I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA—C'MON GANG
WHAT'S YER IDEA FROGGIE?
WELL BUY WAR STAMPS AN' TURN 'EM OVER TO THE CITY ORPHANAGE
VOTES FOR A FEW SODAS FIRST!

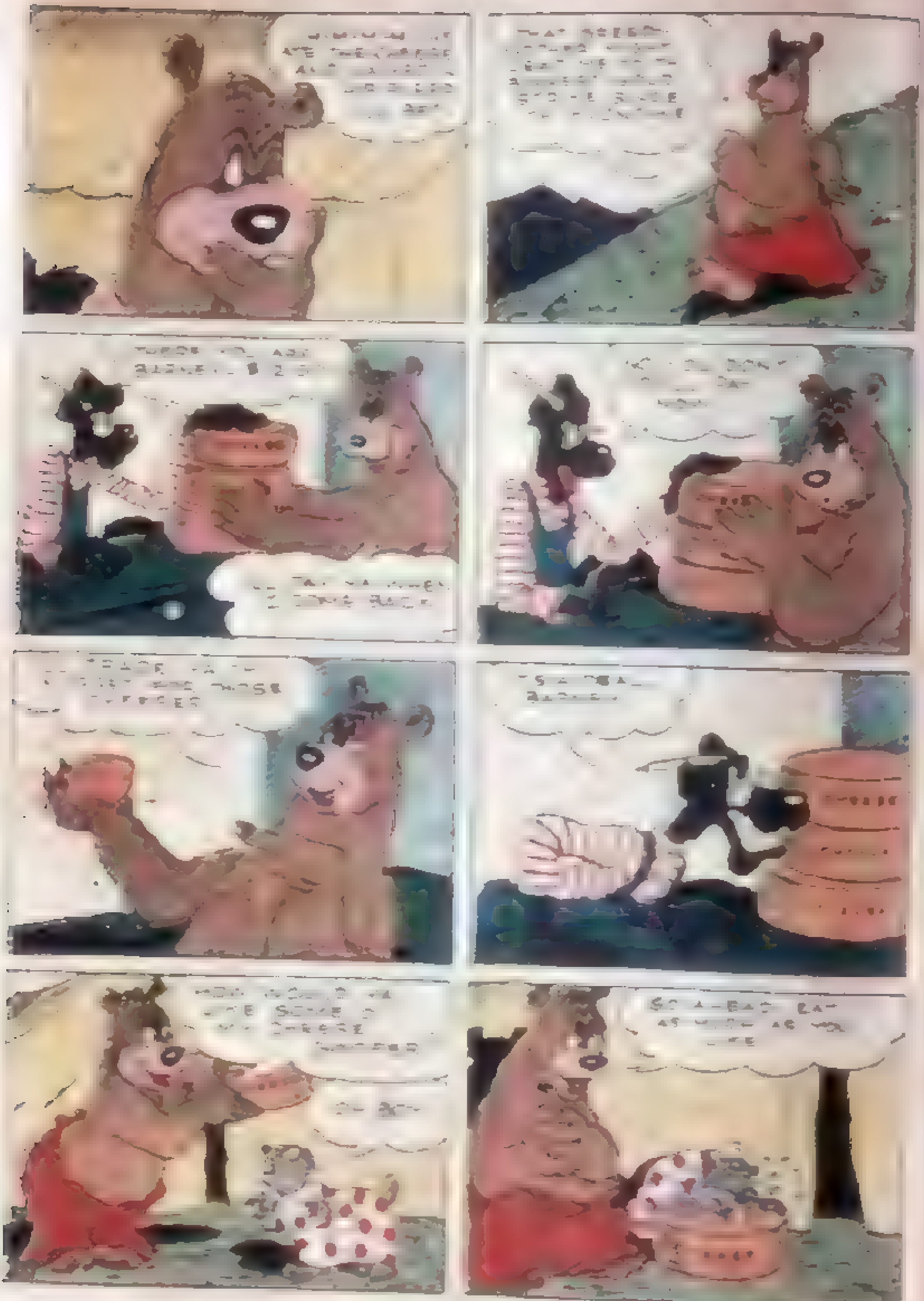

BARNEY BEAR
IN
"GOLD IS WHERE YA FIND IT"
IF YOU WANTA COME PROSPECTIN' WITH ME SUCKER YOU'VE GOTTA MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL
OK BARNEY I'LL CARRY TH' FOOD
HOW MUCH FARTHER? I'M GETTIN' HUNGRY
WE'LL PITCH CAMP AN' TH' FOOD
WHEN'D HE SAY
WHEN I GET BACK
I'LL BE WEAK FROM HUNGER

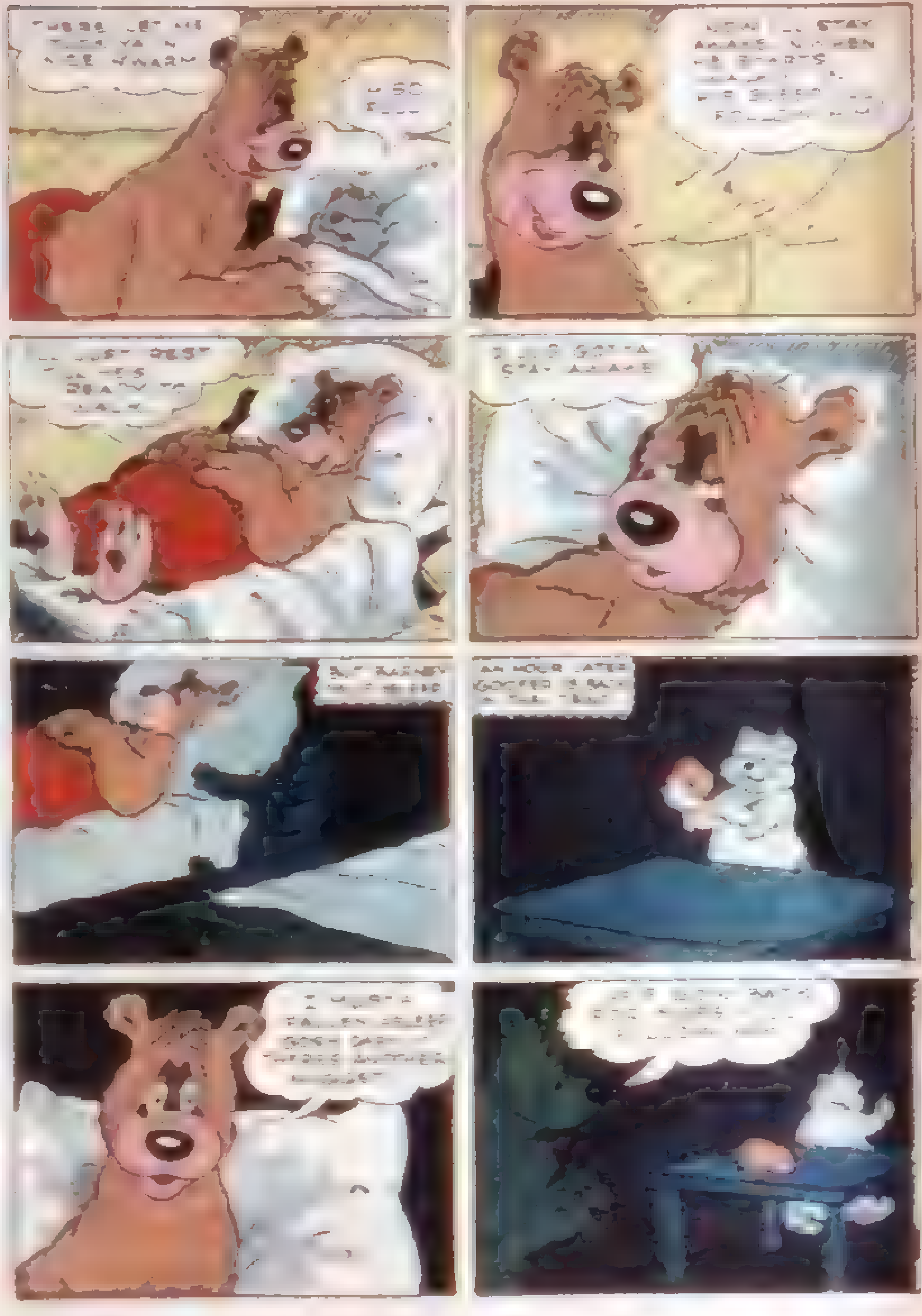
I FEEL BETTER
XXX
WHAT'S
MAYBE HE
BURIED
TREASURE!

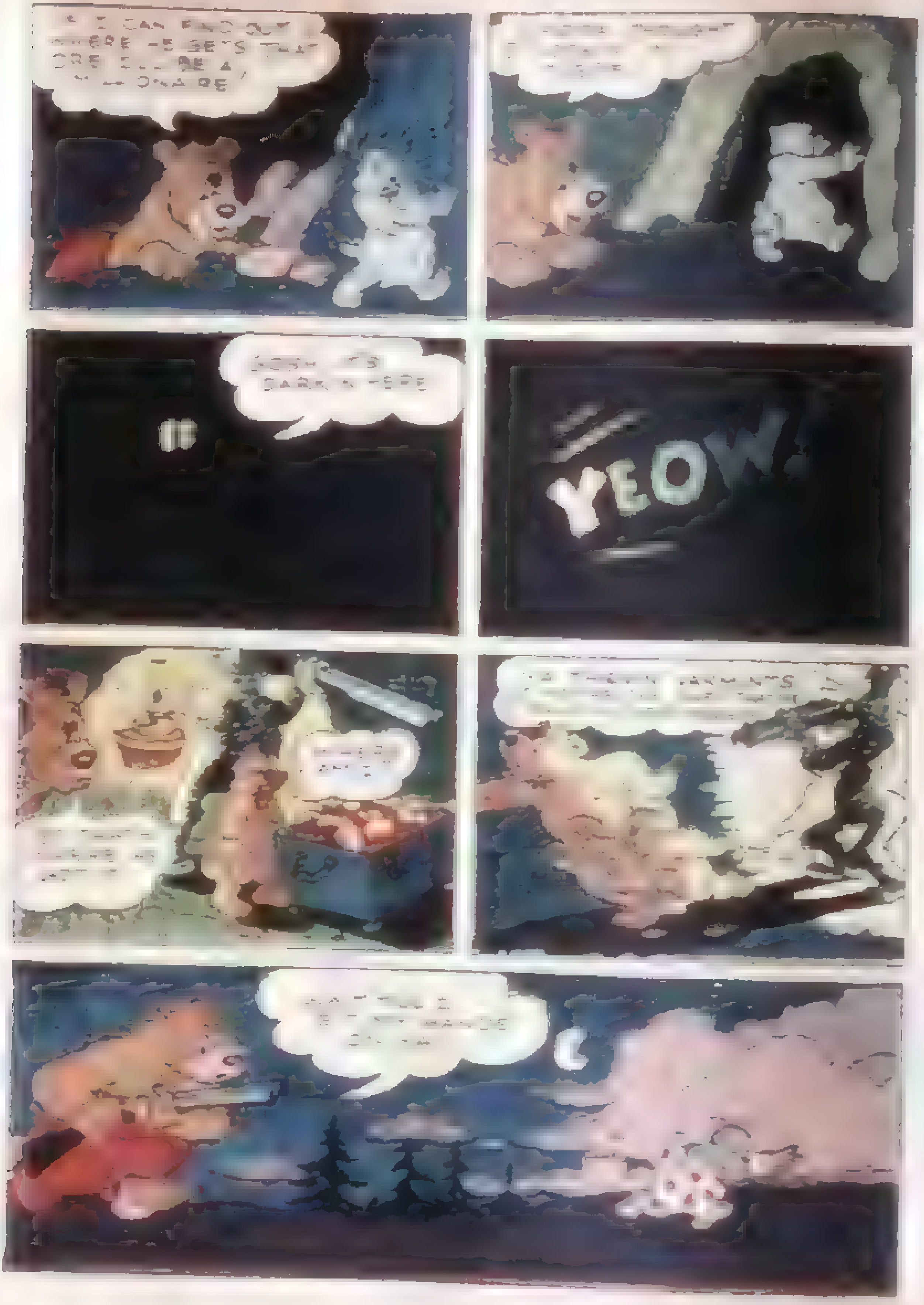

SUPPER'S READY BARNEY
I'M TOO BUSY NOW I THINK I'VE STRUCK SOMETHIN BIG
A BUNCH OF KEYS!
LOOK KEYS YOU BET I FIND A CHEST O' TREASURE
I BET YOU GOT A HOLE IN YOUR POCKET
I COULDA SWORN WE PACKED IT SOMEWHERE!
ED LET'S GO TO BED MAYBE YOU'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK TOMORROW
BOY AM I TIRED


NOTHIN' LIKE A LITTLE SNACK BEFORE GOIN' TO BED
BOY OH BOY
TAKES A WALK IN HIS SLEEP
BED AND BARNEY SLEEPS


YEAAH
MORNING
AM I STILL DREAMING? IS THAT A GOLD NUGGET?
GOLD!
HEY GOOFER! LOOK
WHERE'D YA GET IT?
IT WAS THERE ON THE TABLE
ON THE TABLE? SOMEBODY MUST HAVE PUT IT THERE
THAT'S HOW I WAS FIGURIN'




THERE, LET ME TUCK YA IN NICE 'N WARM
I'M SO SLEEPY
NOW I'LL STAY AWAKE, 'N WHEN HE STARTS [illegible] I'LL FOLLOW HIM
I'LL JUST REST TILL HE'S READY TO WALK.
BUT I GOTTA STAY AWAKE
BUT BARNEY [illegible]
AN HOUR LATER GOOFER IS BACK IN THE TENT
I MUSTA FALLEN ASLEEP GOSH DARN [illegible] ANOTHER [illegible]
[illegible]


IF I CAN FIND OUT WHERE HE GETS THAT ORE I'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE!
GOSH, IT'S DARK IN HERE
YEOW

The Pete Smith Story

MAINTAIN The RIGHT

[illegible]

[illegible]

Gregor and his dead partner

The Constable made a [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] nothing, but the sharp [illegible] a quick exchange of [illegible] the Chief and the Medicine [illegible]

[illegible] ted on making a search of [illegible] moved from tepee to tepee [illegible] hoping to find [illegible] nothing. Finally [illegible] tepee, which was set a little [illegible]

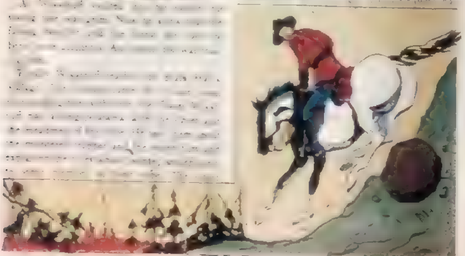
[illegible] and the Medicine Man [illegible] door of this tepee, bar[illegible]

[illegible] said sternly.

[illegible] Woodruff push[illegible]

[illegible] and mangy fur [illegible] that all the symp[illegible] plague of a fores[illegible]

[illegible]



entered that some had become violently ill. They were afraid.

Woodruff asked rapid questions. The Chief [illegible] grave manner and told the Constable that more than a dozen [illegible] had died in the past week.

Although he knew that it might mean his [illegible] Woodruff [illegible] the work. He [illegible] night after night he cared for [illegible] men, women and children. No one [illegible]. The frightened and superstitious [illegible]

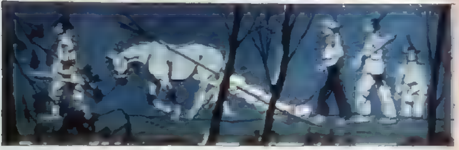
Then the Constable's great [illegible] on his bed. His gaze [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] Chief [illegible] it to the Chief's [illegible]

Woodruff [illegible] to the [illegible] which seemed to say, "[illegible]"

Then the young Constable [illegible] closed forever.

Weeks later a [illegible]



Woodruff and his [illegible]

Finally Woodruff managed to check the plague. [illegible] and the sick [illegible] began slowly to recover.

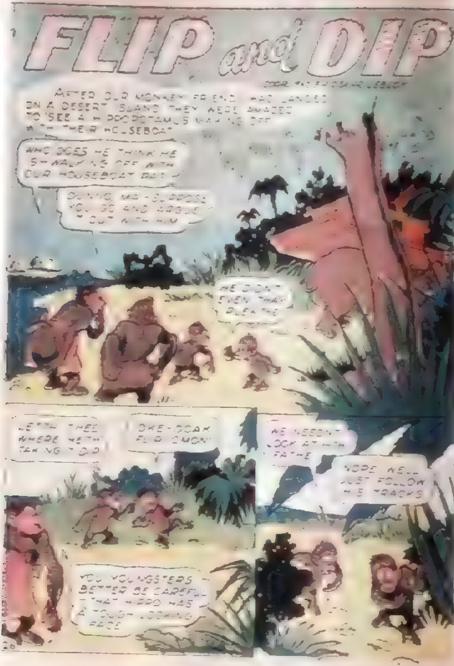
[illegible]

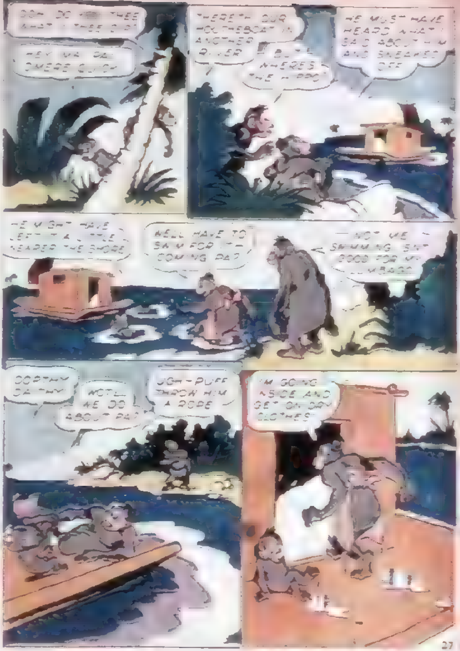
[illegible] Woodruff [illegible] the Constable [illegible]

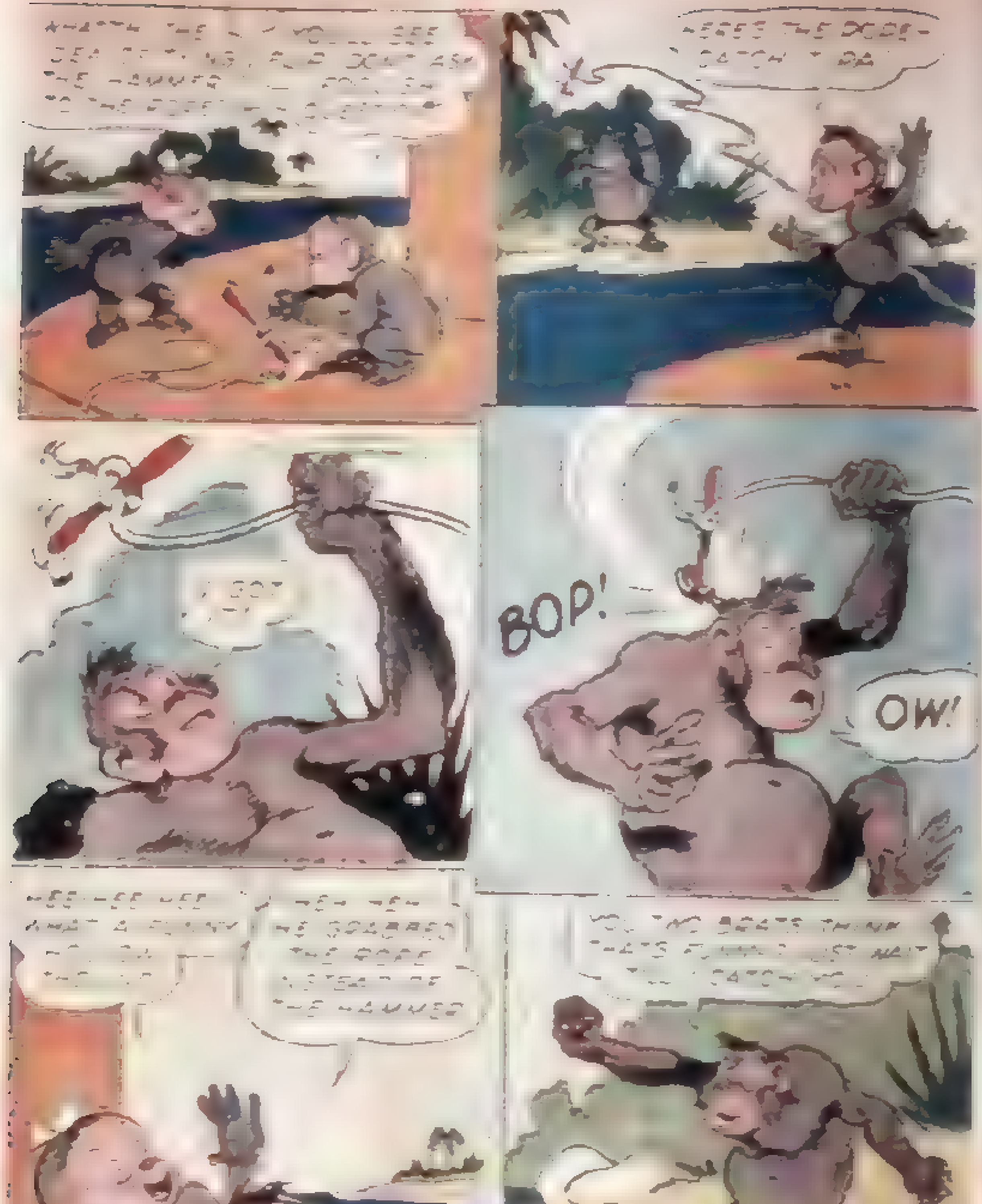
[illegible] Woodruff [illegible]

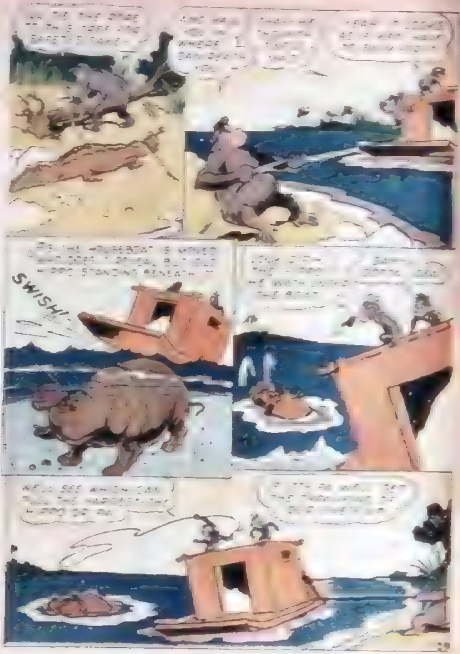
[illegible] Royal Canadian Mounted Police [illegible] Constable Woodruff [illegible]

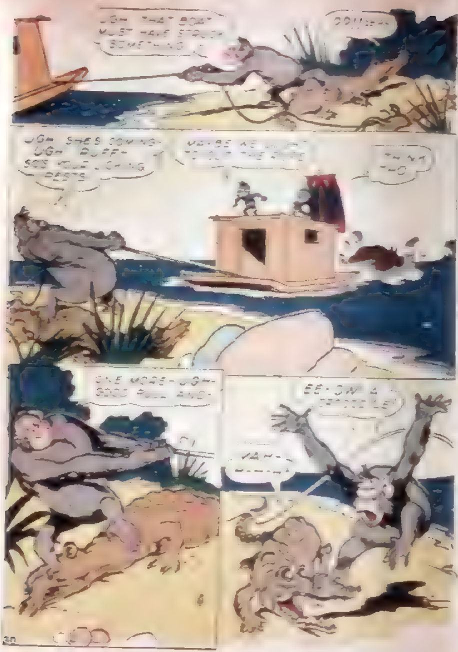
[illegible] Mounted [illegible] Woodruff [illegible] Royal [illegible] the right."

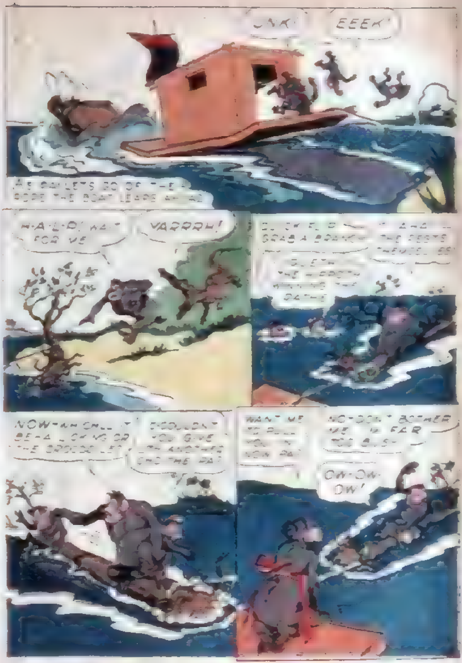

FLIP and DIP
COPR. BY OSCAR LEBECK
AFTER OUR MONKEY FRIENDS HAD LANDED ON A DESERT ISLAND THEY WERE AMAZED TO SEE A HIPPOPOTAMUS WALKING OFF WITH THEIR HOUSEBOAT
WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS — WALKING OFF WITH OUR HOUSEBOAT, EH? —
DUNNO, ME — SUPPOSE YOU GO AND ARGUE IT OUT WITH HIM
HE DIDN'T EVEN SAY PLEASE
LETH THEE WHERE HE'TH TAKING IT, DIP
OKE-DOAK FLIP, C'MON!
WE NEEDN'T LOOK AT 'IM, FATHER
NOPE, WE'LL JUST FOLLOW HIS TRACKS
YOU YOUNGSTERS BETTER BE CAREFUL — THAT HIPPO HAS A TOUGH-LOOKING FACE

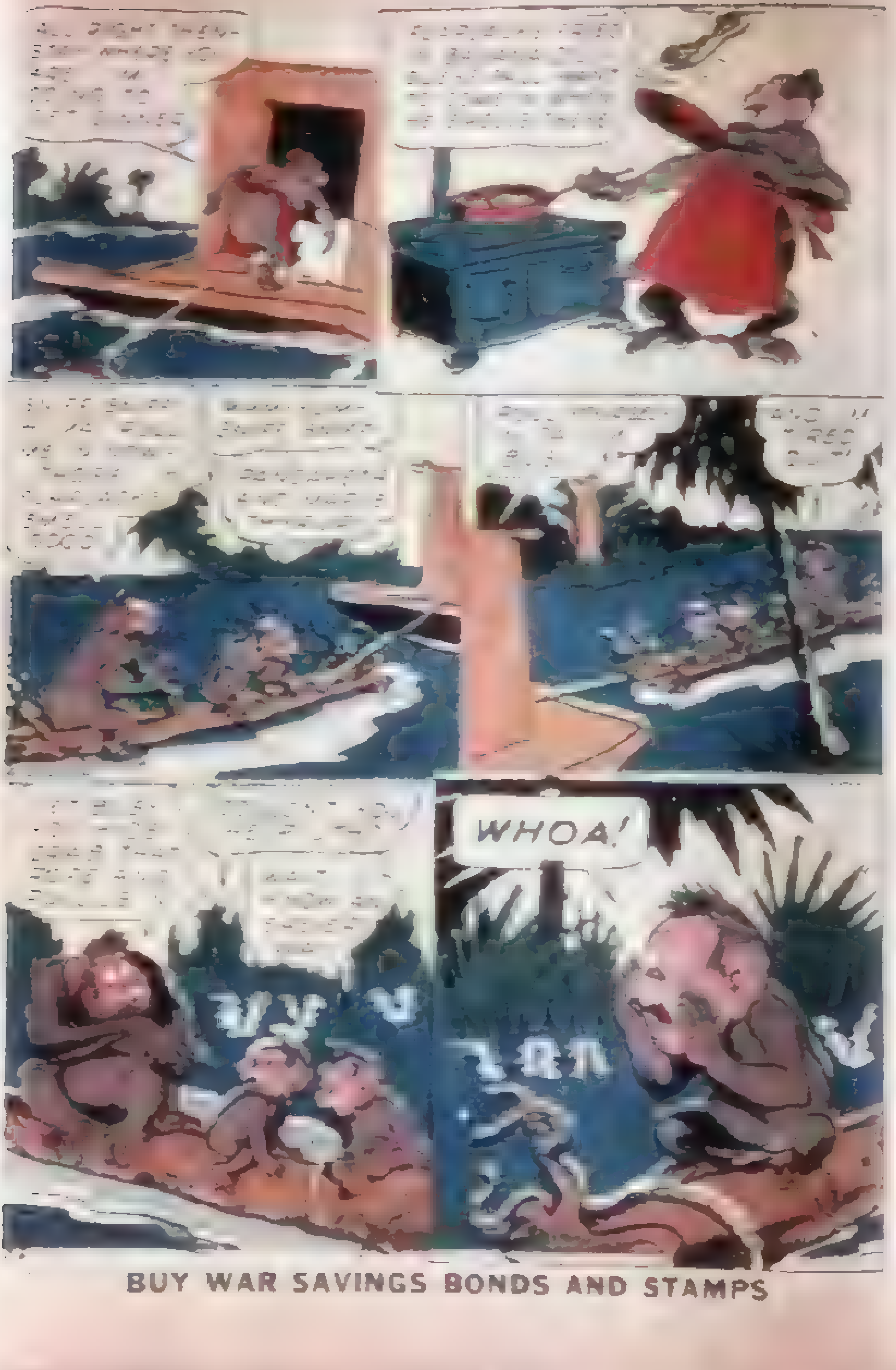

OOH, DO YOU THEE WHAT I THEE, DID?
HEY MA, DID, C'MERE QUICK
THERE'TH OUR HOUTHEBOAT IN ANOTHER RIVER
BUT WHERE'S THE HIPPO?
HE MUST HAVE HEARD WHAT I SAID ABOUT HIM AND SNEAKED OFF
HE MIGHT HAVE LEFT IT A LITTLE NEARER THE SHORE
WE'LL HAVE TO SWIM FOR IT— COMING, PA?
—NOT ME — SWIMMING ISN'T GOOD FOR MY LUMBAGO
GORTHY DADDY
WHAT'LL WE DO ABOUT PA?
UGH—PUFF THROW HIM A ROPE
I'M GOING INSIDE AND GET ON DRY CLOTHES


HERE'S THE ROPE— CATCH IT PA!
I GOT IT!
BOP!
OW!
HEE-HEE-HEE WHAT A FUNNY FACE PA MADE
HEH-HEH HE GRABBED THE ROPE INSTEAD OF THE HAMMER
YOU TWO BRATS THINK THAT'S FUNNY! JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH YOU!

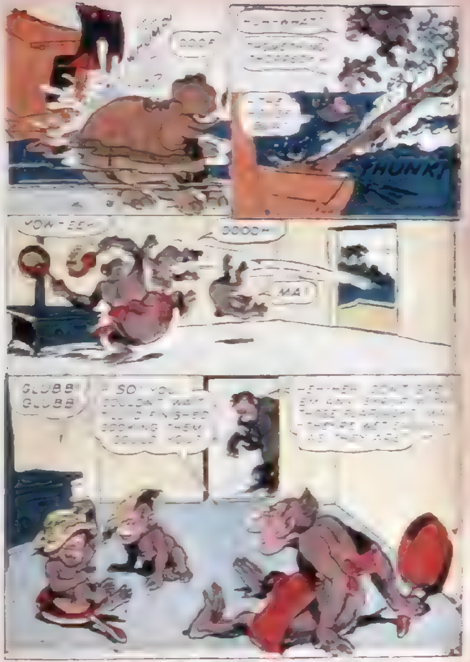

AS THE HOUSEBOAT IS MOVED [illegible] HIPPO STANDING BENEATH IT
SWISH!
WE'LL SEE WHICH CAN [illegible]


UGH—THAT BOAT MUST HAVE STRUCK SOMETHING—
OOUF!—
UGH—SHE'S COMING—UGH—PUFF—SO'S YOUR LOVING PESTS
MAYBE WE OUGHT TO
THINK SO—
ONE MORE—UGH—GOOD PULL AND—
EE-OW! A CROCODILE!
YAH—

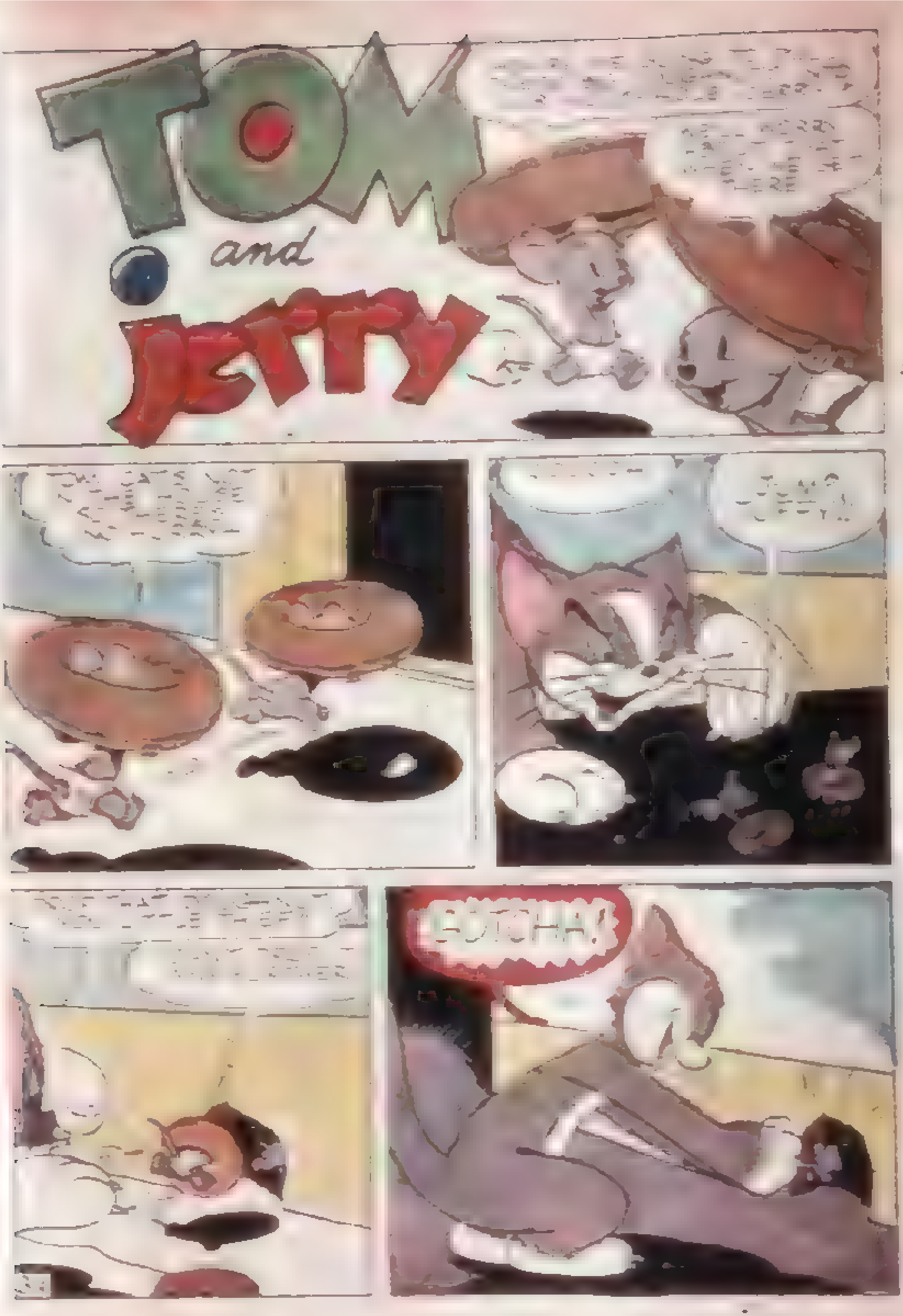

UNK!
EEEK!
AS PA LETS GO OF THE ROPE THE BOAT LEAPS AHEAD
H-A-L-P! WAIT FOR ME
VARRRH!
[illegible] GRAB A BRANCH [illegible] THEMSELVES [illegible]
[illegible]
NOW—AH [illegible] BE—A [illegible] OR THE CROCODILE?
[illegible] YOU GIVE [illegible] ANOTHER [illegible] THE DAY
WANT ME TO PULL YOU IN NOW PA?
NO—DON'T BOTHER ME [illegible] FAR TOO BUSY
OW-OW-OW!



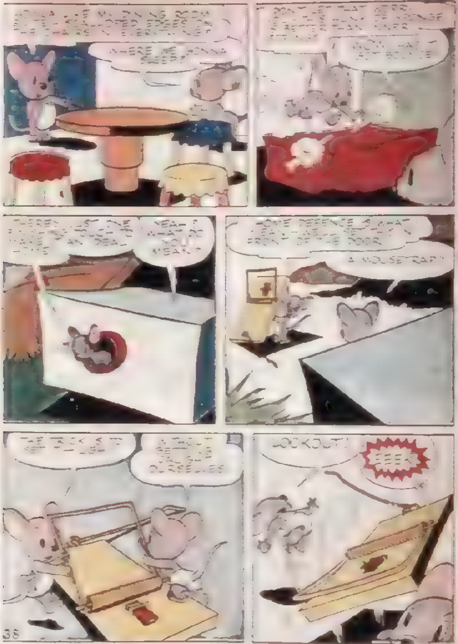
BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

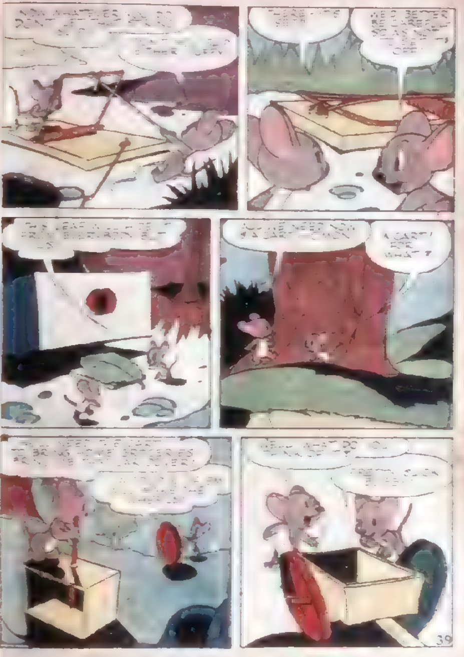

OOOF
THUNK!
YOW-EE
OOOO
MA!
GLUBB
GLUBB

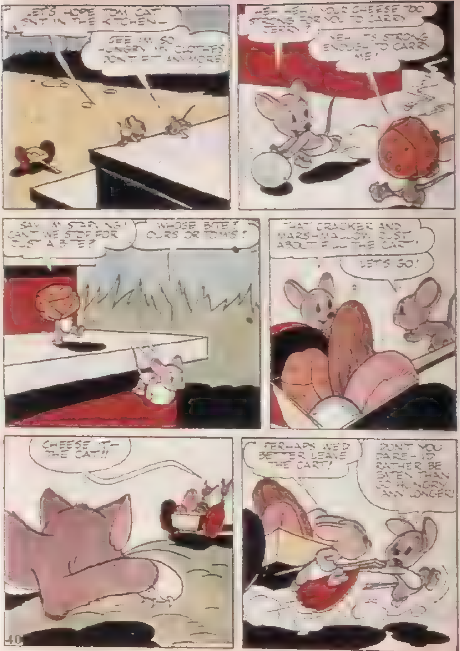
THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD

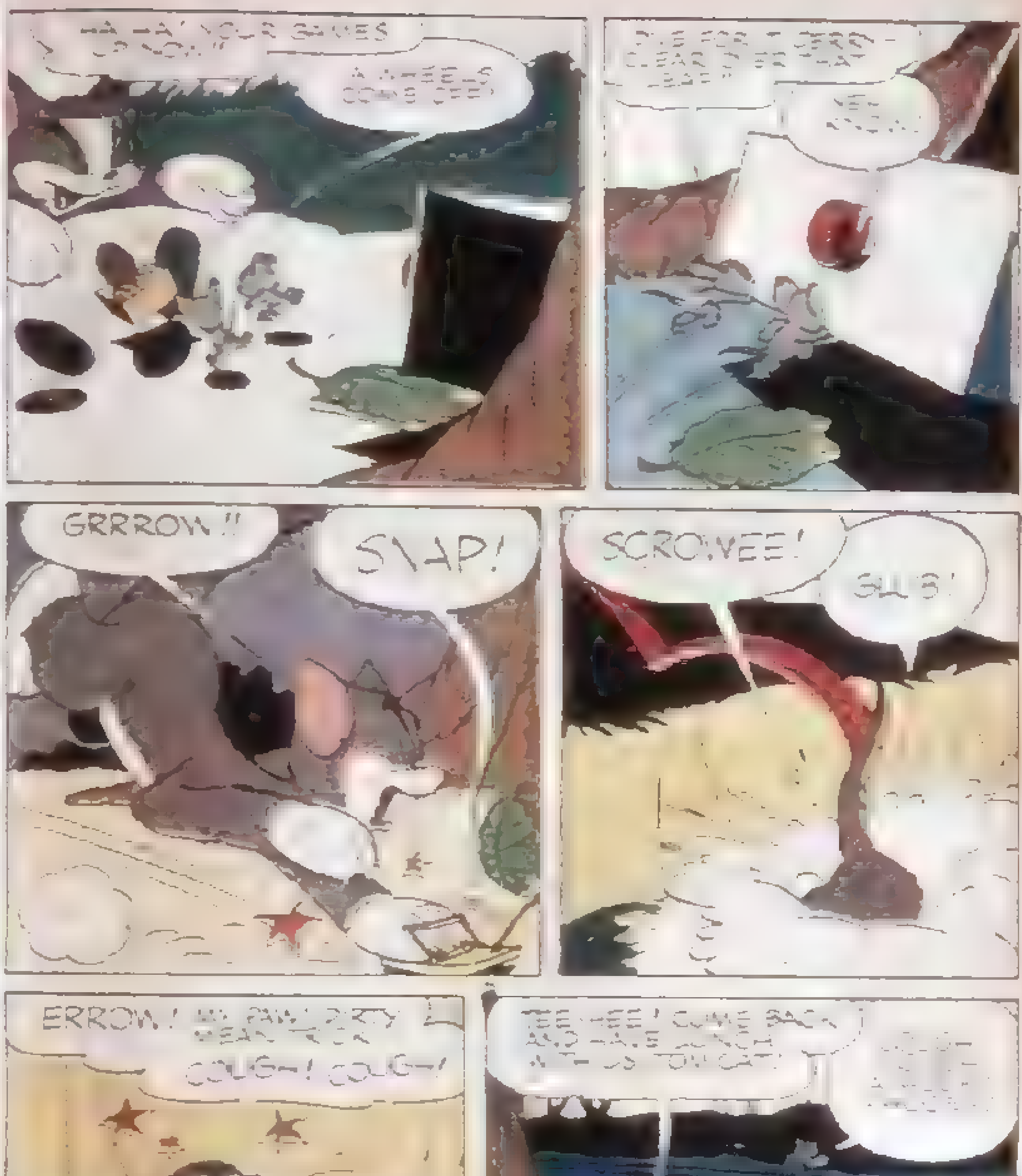

TOM and JERRY
GOTCHA!

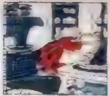
RED

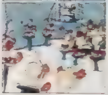

WHERE WE GONNA SLEEP?
THERE'S JUST ONE FINISHING TOUCH TO MAKE IT AN IDEAL HOME
YEAH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
HOME DEFENSE IS WHAT ... IN FRONT OF THE DOOR
A MOUSETRAP!
OURSELVES
LOOKOUT!
EEEK!

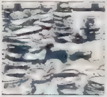

WE'D BETTER BE CAREFUL
A CART? FOR WHAT?

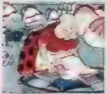

LET'S HOPE TOM CAT ISN'T IN THE KITCHEN—
GEE! I'M SO HUNGRY MY CLOTHES DON'T FIT ANYMORE!
HEH-HEH! YOUR CHEESE TOO STRONG FOR YOU TO CARRY, JERRY?
YEH—IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY ME!
SAY, I'M STARVING! CAN'T WE STOP FOR JUST A BITE?
WHOSE BITE? OURS OR TOM'S?
THAT CRACKER AND MARSHMALLOW JUST ABOUT FILL THE CART.
LET'S GO!
CHEESE IT— THE CAT!!
PERHAPS WE'D BETTER LEAVE THE CART!
DON'T YOU DARE—I'D RATHER BE EATEN THAN GO HUNGRY ANY LONGER!

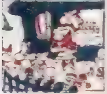

HA-HA! YOUR GAMES UP NOW!!
A WHEELS COME OFF!
GRRROW!!
SNAP!
SCROWEE!
GLUB!
ERROW! MY PAW! DIRTY MEAN TRICK
COUGH! COUGH!
TEE-HEE! COME BACK AND HAVE LUNCH WITH US, TOMCAT!











M Ladybug

Based on the M-G-M Cartoon. Copyright 1943, by Loew's Inc.

MRS. LADYBUG was busy every minute of the day, keeping her cozy home clean and looking after her big family. For Mrs. Ladybug was like the Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe—she had so many children she really didn't know what to do.

From the time she got up in the morning until she went to bed at night there was always something to be done. Cooking, washing, sewing, making beds, cleaning, sweeping, dusting, looking after the children, and a hundred and one other jobs.

"Oh, dear," she moaned one day, "if only I had someone to help me."

Then she brightened with a sudden thought. "Of course," she said to herself. "Why didn't I think of that before? I'll hire a maid."

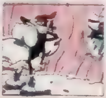
So the hard-working Mrs. Ladybug printed a sign in large letters and hung it on her door. It read, "MAID WANTED."

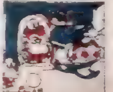
Now there was a big, bad spider, who had been waiting for a chance to steal some of Mrs. Ladybug's children. Ladybug boys and girls were his favorite dish.

He looked through a telescope toward Mrs. Ladybug's house, hoping that a few of the children had wandered far enough away from home so he could catch them. He didn't dare to try to grab them near the house because he was afraid of Mrs. Ladybug, who had a strong arm and could wield a broom with disastrous results.

His sharp eyes saw the sign on Mrs. Ladybug's door.

"Well, well, well," he muttered greedily. "Maid wanted, eh? That gives me an idea. This is just the





chance I've been lookin' for!" And he lighted a big cigar while he made his plans.

Then he quickly dressed himself in a maid's clothes and tied a bandana around his head. Chuckling, he hurried toward Mrs. Ladybug's house and knocked on the door.

Mrs. Ladybug opened the door. Her children swarmed around her, gazing suspiciously at the disguised spider.

"Mawnin', ma'am," the big, bad spider said, imitating a southern drawl. "Ah's de new maid."

"I'm glad you've come," Mrs. Ladybug said, smiling with relief. "I hope you're fond of children."

The spider's eyes gleamed slyly. "Yas, Ah' Ladybug child'n is de fondest thing Ah got."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Mrs. Ladybug, not knowing what the wicked spider really meant.

"Ah's got ref'rences, too, ma'am," added the spider and he handed Mrs. Ladybug a letter which he, himself, had written.

Mrs. Ladybug read the letter and was convinced that she had found just the right maid. "You can start in now," she said. "First wash all these dishes in the sink."

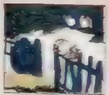
The wicked spider smiled to himself as he stood by the sink, washing the huge pile of dishes. "Ho-ho, I sure fooled her," he muttered.

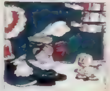
Little Lester Ladybug, who had been watching his mother's new helper, wasn't at all sure that she was really a maid. Something about her made him suspicious. But every time he drew near to her, she turned quickly and glared at him. So finally Wilfred skipped away.

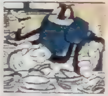
Meanwhile, the children were playing a chasing game through the house, running first through one room and then through another.

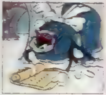
The wily spider saw his chance. He placed a sticky flypaper on the floor in their path. Surely one of them would get stuck fast on the glue. Then the spider could grab him.

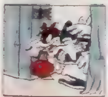
Like a steam engine little Lester ran through the room, while the spider flattened himself out of sight against the wall. Just as Lester landed on the fly-

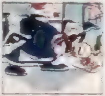


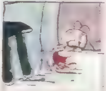


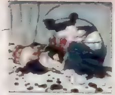


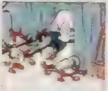


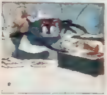


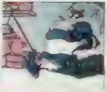












paper, the spider sprang. But Lester jumped right out of his shoes and socks and continued on his laughing merry way.

The spider, unable to regain his balance, fell face down on the sticky paper and before he could get up, six or seven of the children ran over him without stopping.

Finally the spider sat up and tugged at the gluey mess which was stuck to his face.

"I'll get those kids for that!" he muttered, going back to his housework.

"I know a good game," little Wilfred Ladybug said to his brothers and sisters. "Let's play hide-and-seek!"

The children eagerly agreed.

"Who'll be 'It'?" asked Lester.

"I will," answered Lottie.

While Lottie stood with her face to the wall, counting in fives up to a hundred, the others ran in all directions, hiding under the furniture and behind chairs.

Wilfred backed cautiously towards the door of the kitchen. He didn't know that the spider was standing right behind him—

Suddenly the spider reached out and grabbed Wilfred and yanked him out of sight.

At that moment Lottie cried, "Coming! Ready or not!" and started toward the place where the spider was holding Wilfred.

Quickly the spider opened a heavy trunk which was on the floor beside him, and pushed Wilfred into it. Then he sat on the lid and tried to look innocent.

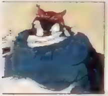
Lottie ran up to him. "Have you seen any of the children in here?" she whispered.

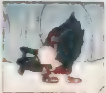
"Dey went dat way, missie," answered the spider, slyly pointing in the other direction.

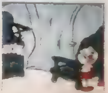
"Now I'll just sit here until those kids get outa the way," he muttered to himself. "Then I'll sneak outa the house with the one I've got in the trunk."

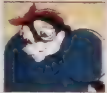
He lighted a big cigar, feeling well satisfied with his work.

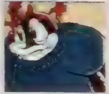
He had taken only one puff of his cigar when

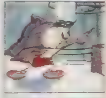


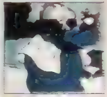












little Lester came around the corner.

"Oh—oh!" thought the spider. "I better not let him see me smoking. He might get suspicious."

There was no time to put out the lighted cigar, so the spider was forced to turn it around with his tongue and hold it in his mouth.

But the smart little Lester didn't go away. He walked back and forth, humming a tune. He had seen what the spider had done with the cigar and he was waiting to see what would happen next.

The spider sat uneasily on the trunk and drummed his fingers, trying not to show his pain. The red-hot end of the cigar was burning his mouth but he couldn't take it out while Lester was watching him. Beads of perspiration ran down his face. But still Lester stayed.

Suddenly Lester pointed to the thin wisps of smoke trickling out of the spider's mouth.

"What's in your mouth?" he demanded.

The spider was desperate. He gulped painfully and swallowed the lighted cigar. Then he opened his mouth.

"Nothing," he answered. "See?"

Suddenly, with a wild yell, he jumped up and held his stomach. The cigar was still burning 'way down inside him.

Frantically the spider grabbed a nearby jug and drained it in a single gulp. Then his eye saw the label on the jug: "GASOLINE."

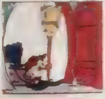
At that moment there was a terrific explosion and the wicked spider was blown up through the roof. Only his bandana floated slowly down and settled on the ground.

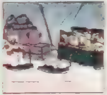
Mrs. Ladybug was overjoyed when she learned how narrowly her children had escaped the clutches of the wicked spider.

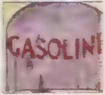
"The next time I hire a maid," she said, "I'll make sure of her first."

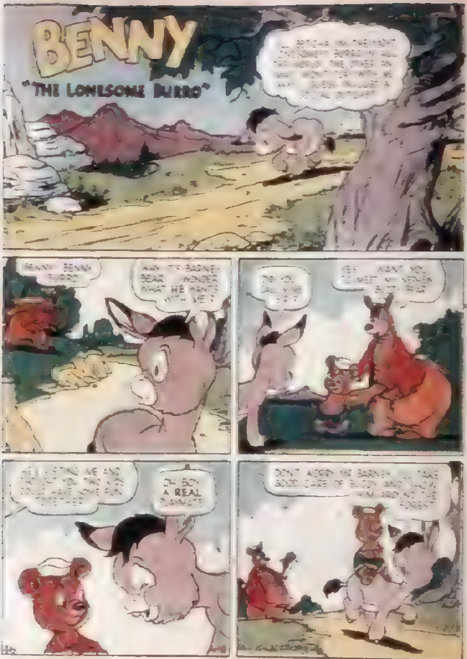
Just then there was a knock at the door and little Lester stood there with the spider's bandana around his head.

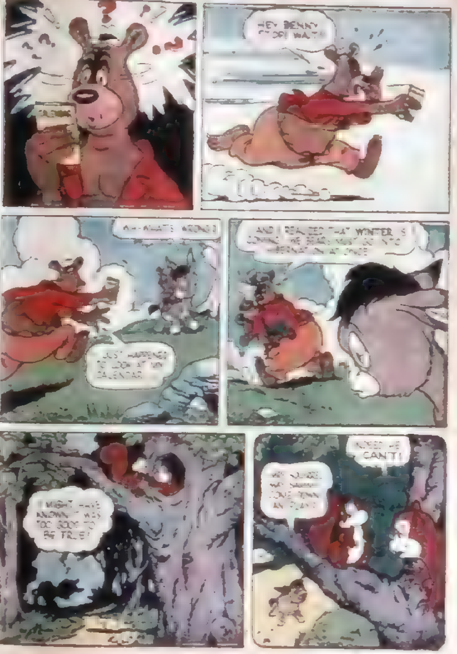
"Ah's de new maid," he said grinningly, and they all laughed merrily.

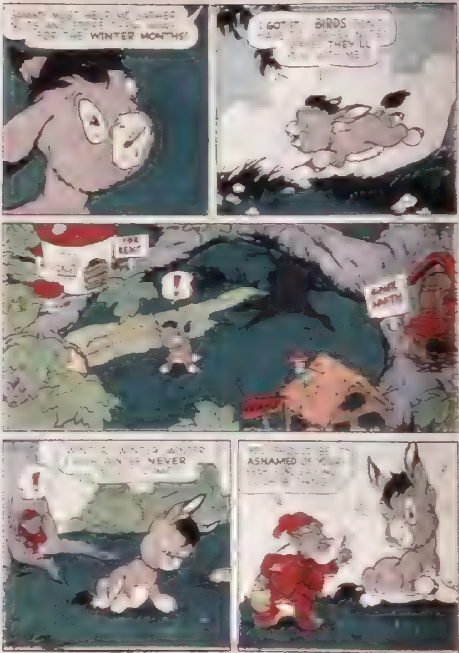


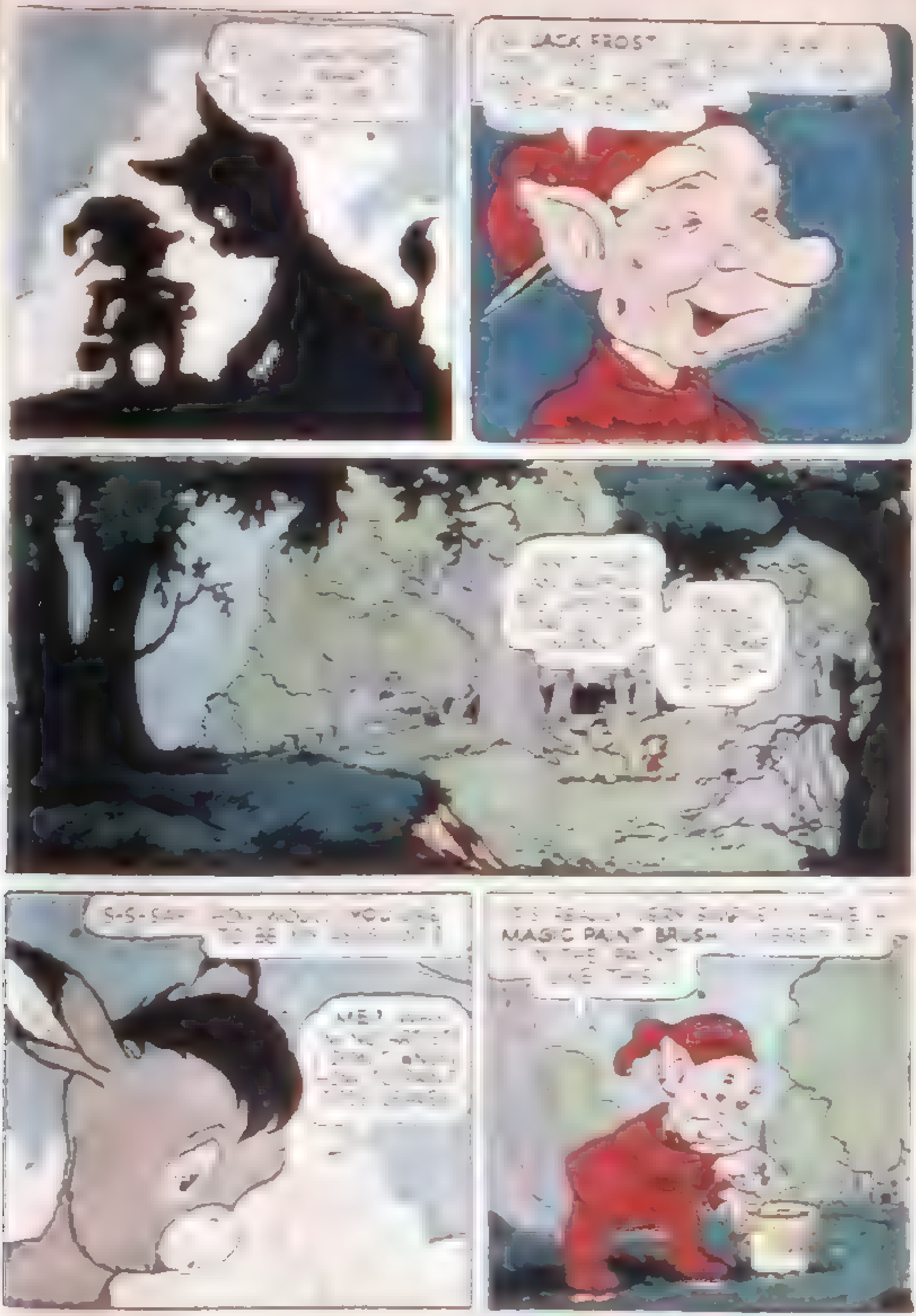


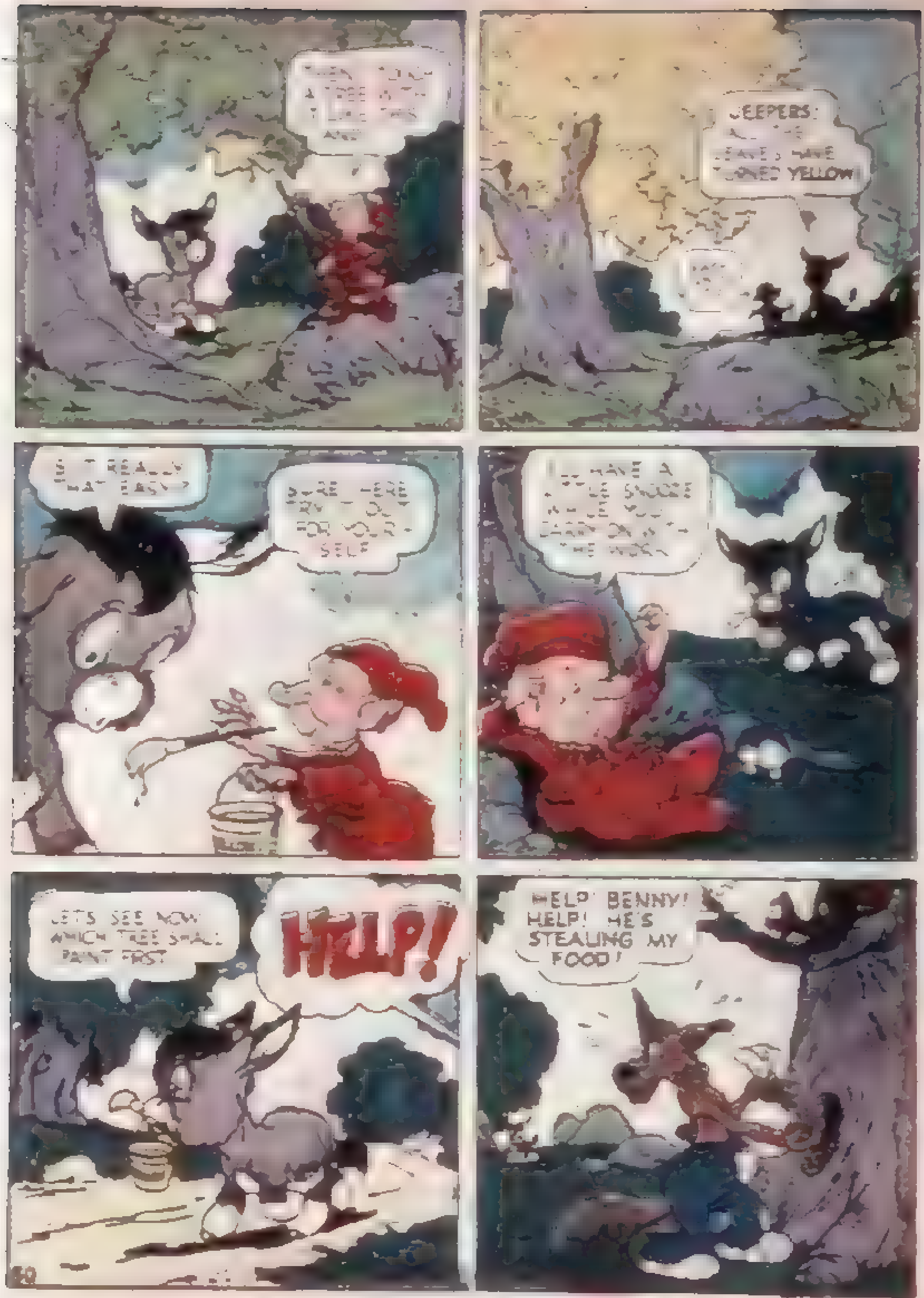


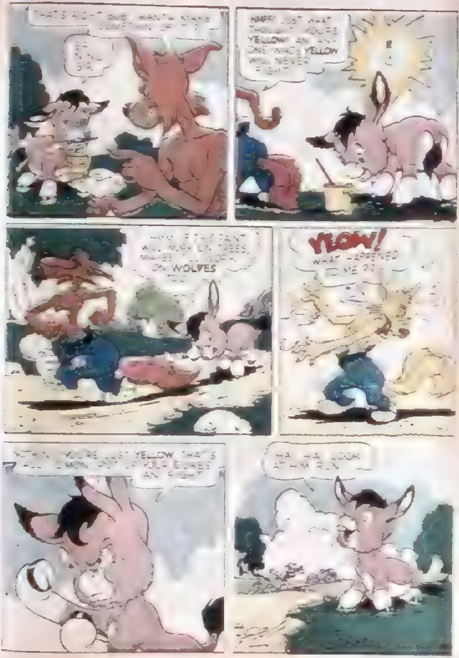

BENNY
"THE LONESOME BURRO"
BENNY! BENNY BURRO!
WHY, IT'S BARNEY BEAR. I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS WITH ME?
DID YOU CALL ME, SIR?
YES. I WANT YOU TO MEET MY NEPHEW BUCKY BEAR.
HE'LL STAY WITH ME AND I THOUGHT YOU TWO KIDS COULD HAVE SOME FUN TOGETHER.
OH BOY! A REAL PLAYMATE!
DON'T WORRY MR. BARNEY, I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF BUCKY AND SHOW HIM AROUND THE FOREST.

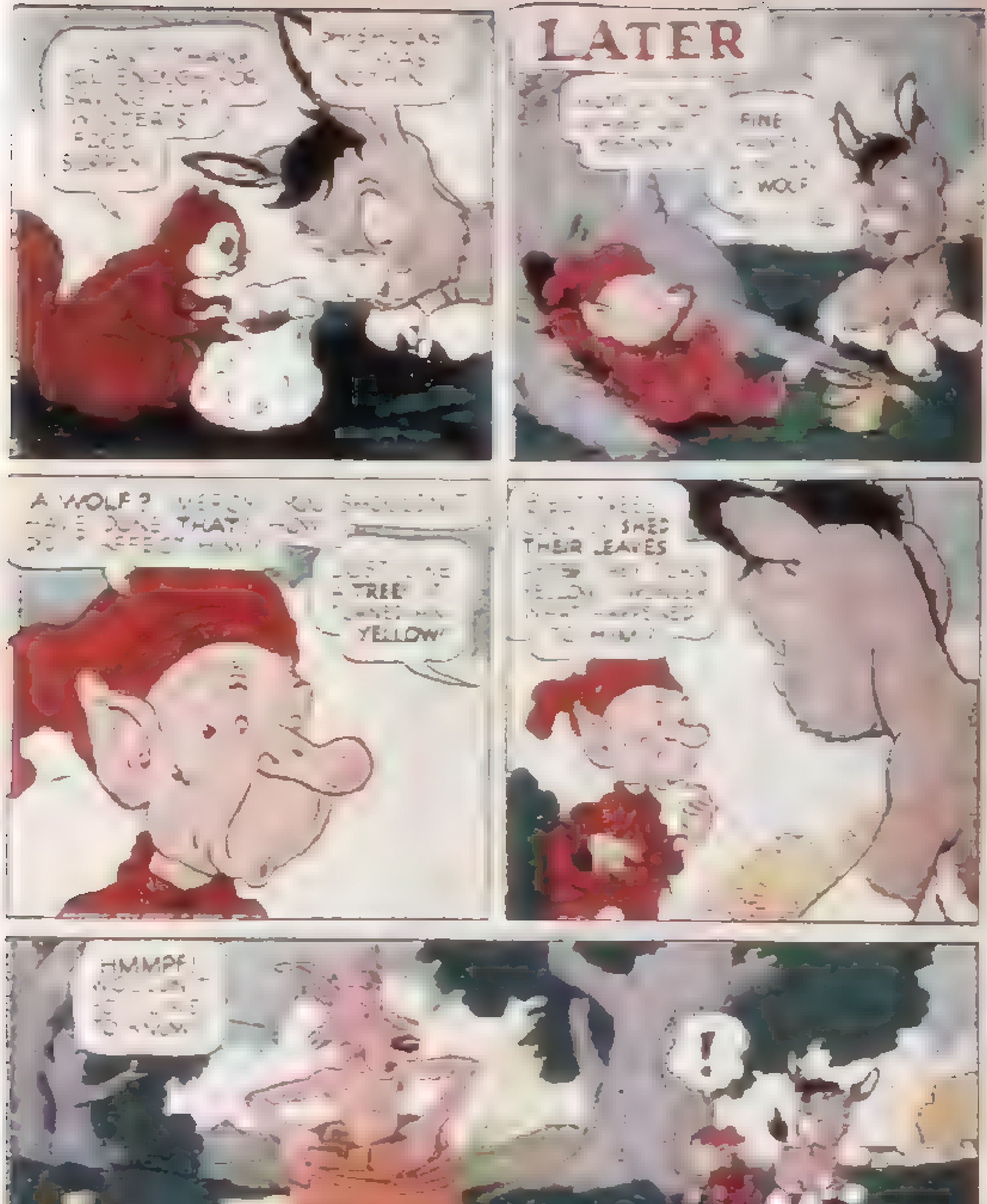

HEY BENNY STOP! WAIT!
WH-WHAT'S WRONG?
JUST HAPPENED TO LOOK AT MY CALENDAR
AND I REALIZED THAT WINTER IS COMING. THE BEARS MUST GO INTO HIBERNATION AT ONCE
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!
CAN'T!

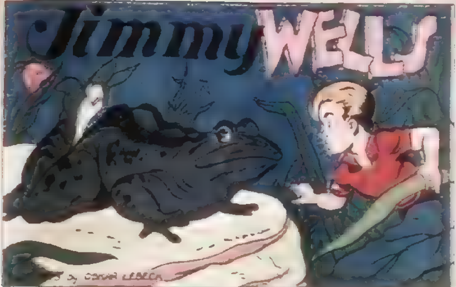

MUST HELP ME GATHER NUTS AND STORE FOOD AWAY FOR THE WINTER MONTHS!
I GOT IT! BIRDS DON'T HAVE TO GATHER NUTS ... THEY'LL ... WITH ME!
FOR RENT
!
GONE NORTH
WINTER, WINTER, WINTER ... WINTER NEVER ... COME
!
YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOUR...


JACK FROST
S-S-SAY
ME?
MAGIC PAINT BRUSH


THEN I PAINT A TREE WITH IT LIKE THIS AND
JEEPERS! ALL THE LEAVES HAVE TURNED YELLOW!
IS IT REALLY THAT EASY?
SURE, HERE TRY IT OUT FOR YOURSELF
I'LL HAVE A LITTLE SNOOZE WHILE YOU CARRY ON WITH THE WORK
LET'S SEE NOW WHICH TREE SHALL I PAINT FIRST
HELP!
HELP! BENNY! HELP! HE'S STEALING MY FOOD!


THAT'S RIGHT, BUB! WANTA MAKE
ER— I— N-NO SIR.
HMPF! JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! YOU'RE YELLOW! AN' ANY ONE WHO'S YELLOW WILL NEVER FIGHT!
HMM! IF THIS PAINT WILL WASH ON TREES, MAYBE IT'LL WORK ON WOLVES TOO!
YEOW!
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME ??
WHY, YOU'RE JUST YELLOW, THAT'S ALL! C'MON, PUT UP YOUR DUKES AN' FIGHT!
HA! HA! LOOK AT HIM RUN!


LATER
FINE … WOLF
A WOLF? … THAT …
… TREE … YELLOW
… SHED THEIR LEAVES …
HMMPF! …
!



"[illegible] drop that ugly toad, Professor Tubbs!" cried Jimmy Wells excitedly. "Don't you know he'll give you warts?"

The plump little man of science looked up with a smile but he did not drop the blinking brown toad that sat contentedly on his open hand.

"You're wrong on two counts, Jimmy," he chuckled. "My friend Bufo, here, [illegible] a bit ugly, once you get to know him, and he wouldn't give me warts if he tried. Besides, he's the best friend we have of all the little garden people."

Jimmy stared in wordless surprise. He stepped up for a closer look at the sleepy-looking toad, but he did not venture to touch it.

"Come up to my study with us," Professor Tubbs invited him. "I'll show you some things about Bufo that are quite too wonderful to imagine."

As the professor turned toward the house, Jimmy fancied that the toad was grinning at him, too.

"Huh!" he said under his breath. "I don't [illegible] toad!"

But he followed [illegible] the same.

Arriving in the room that he used for both bedroom and study, Professor Tubbs dropped Bufo into a large fishbowl filled with damp moss. Next he picked up his old-fashioned stereoscope and motioned Jimmy Wells toward the easy chair.

"Here you are," he said briskly, slipping a colored picture card into the stereoscope's holder. "That's the place where I found Bufo this morning—[illegible] his head off. If we keep him [illegible] minutes, maybe he'll sing again."

"Sing!" exclaimed Jimmy. "I never knew a toad could sing."

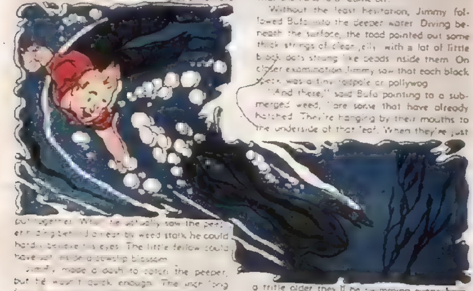
He looked intently at the picture in the stereoscope. [illegible] cow pasture [illegible] he had waded through that meadow when he went to get the cows.

All at once it grew bigger and bigger, then Professor Tubbs's room [illegible] Jimmy Wells found himself standing right at the water's edge—UNDERNEATH the spreading leaves of a big [illegible]

For a minute he was frightened out of his wits—not because he was so small, but because the noises all about him were so deafening. A pair of red-winged blackbirds chattering overhead made his ears ring. A green frog croaking near by sounded like a bull fiddle. Worst of all were the peeping frogs.

"Pe-ep! Pe-ep! Pee-eep! Pe-ep!"

The nearest one sounded like a steam whistle; and when one paused for breath two more started up. Jimmy thought the frogs who made such a noise must be as big as six others put together. When he actually saw the peeper hiding behind a tiny weed stalk he could hardly believe his eyes. The little fellow could have sat inside a cowslip blossom.



Jimmy made a dash to catch the peeper, but he wasn't quick enough. The inch-long frog dived like a flash. Jimmy looked for another one, but all the peepers around him had fallen silent. In their place there rose a note of throbbing sweetness—a lovely, high-pitched cheep of music.

Jimmy looked around in wonder. When the note sounded again, he started toward it. From behind a clump of cinnamon fern he peeked out at two lumpish brown objects in the shallow water near shore.

"Toads!" he muttered. "They must have scared that beautiful singer away."

Just then one of the toads' throat puffed out like the bag of a bagpipe. From it rose the same sweet chord that Jimmy had heard.

"It's you—Bufo!" the boy gasped. "How do you do it?"

"How do you sing—or whistle, Jimmy?" the male toad replied, with his usual good-natured grin. "That's what I come here for every spring—to sing. And my wife comes here to lay eggs that hatch out into pollywogs. There's nothing unusual in that."

"Nothing UNUSUAL!" gasped the boy. "Say, Bufo—could I see Mrs. Toad lay eggs, if it wouldn't be asking too much . . . Oh! She's gone!"

"Yes," said Bufo. "She doesn't like even me to watch her—but I'll show you some eggs that she HAS laid. Come on!"

Without the least hesitation, Jimmy followed Bufo into the deeper water. Diving beneath the surface, the toad pointed out some thick strings of clear jelly, with a lot of little black dots strung like beads inside them. On closer examination Jimmy saw that each black speck was a tiny tadpole or pollywog.

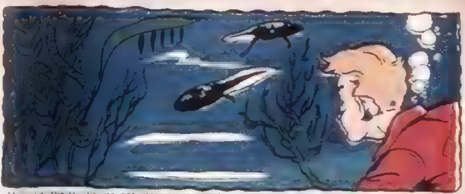
"And these," said Bufo pointing to a submerged weed, "are some that have already hatched. They're hanging by their mouths to the underside of that leaf. When they're just a trifle older they'll be swimming everywhere and feeding themselves."

Jimmy saw the five tiny larvae, black as jet, hanging in a row. As he watched there was a swirl of water, and a big minnow darted past. Now there were only three pollywogs hanging to the leaf.

Jimmy clutched Bufo's arm in wild excitement, but the old toad seemed quite unconcerned.

"A few less won't matter," he said, reading the boy's thoughts. "My wife lays six to ten thousand eggs every year. If they ALL lived to grow up, there wouldn't be enough food for them to eat."

"I see," gulped Jimmy, though he still felt upset. "Tell me, Bufo, how do those pollywogs ever turn into toads like you. They haven't any signs of legs and you haven't any



[illegible] like theirs. You're not fooling me about their being your children?"

"I guess it does seem strange to you, Jimmy," smiled his companion. "You'll understand better if I show you some older pollywogs. Just follow me."

Bufo swam with short, powerful strokes of his hind feet, making Jimmy hurry to keep up with him. At the narrow end of the pond he paused.

"These little fellows are a few days older," he panted, pointing to a dozen tadpoles whose hind legs had already made their appearance. "In about ten days more they'll have arms too. Are you satisfied now, Jimmy?"

"No, I'm not!" Jimmy Wells declared. "I'm going to stay right here until I see the whole change, if it takes all summer!"

Time passed almost too quickly for Jimmy in the wonderful world beneath the surface of the pond. Like the toads he came to the surface to breathe, but all his interest was under the water. He watched the pollywogs' mouths grow bigger and their tails shorter. At last he saw them venture out onto the muddy shore as perfect [illegible]

By this time hundreds of them had gone to feed the hungry fish and newts and turtles with which the pond swarmed. But hundreds still remained. Some were Bufo's children, and some belonged to other old toads. They all looked alike to Jimmy, smooth-skinned and delicate—but real toads, nevertheless.

One morning the little toads were gone. Jimmy, much alarmed, hurried to find Bufo and ask him the reason.

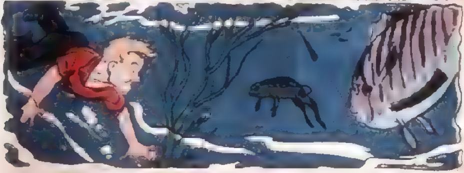
"They've simply left to make their own way in the world," the old toad replied to his breathless question. "They're hopping all over the roads and fields now. It's time that I myself moved back to the garden in front of your house. That's really my year-around home, you know."

The mention of his own house made Jimmy Wells homesick for the first time.

"Let's start now, Bufo," he said. "Perhaps when I reach there I'll change back to my natural size."

The old toad blinked sleepily.

"There's no hurry," he muttered. "I never



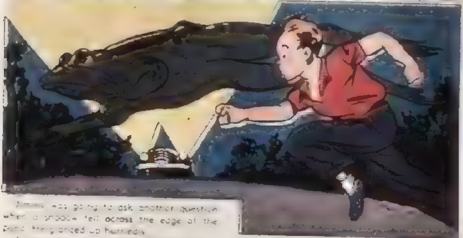
like to start a journey on an empty stomach. There's a nice, fat grasshopper coming this way. If you don't move now, I'll have him."

The grasshopper alighted six inches away and started to climb a stalk of grass. Bufo made a cautious, creeping advance. Two inches away, he paused—and suddenly the grasshopper wasn't there.

Jimmy thought the insect had flown until he saw Bufo swallowing hard.

"How ever did you do that?" he asked.

"With my tongue," the old toad smiled. "It's long and sticky at the tip, and I am pretty quick with it, if I do say so myself."



Jimmy was going to ask another question when a shadow fell across the edge of the pond. He glanced up hurriedly.

A great, blue gray bird that looked something like a stork was standing behind him, with its long neck curved and its sharp beak pointed down like a spear. The creature looked as tall as a skyscraper, but Jimmy knew it for a blue heron, a bird that lives on frogs and toads.

"Jump for your life, Bufo!" he screamed.

The old toad dived like a flash, beneath a floating stick.

WHACK! The heron's bill struck the stick—and stuck there. It lifted the wet piece of wood high in the air, flapping its wide blue wings in surprise.

Jimmy did not wait to see any more. He dived after Bufo, and neither of them came near the shore again until night.

This time Bufo ate a large angleworm and a fuzzy caterpillar before starting out. He blinked his eyes as if they tasted delicious, but the very sight took away Jimmy's appetite. An hour later the boy and the toad reached the highway that ran past Jimmy's house.

Bufo was in no hurry at all. He liked stopping to hunt for worms and beetles, crickets and even spiders along the roadside. Jimmy was so fascinated watching him stalk and catch them that he forgot to be homesick. At last Bufo's stomach was so full that it could hold no more.

The two were right in the middle of the pavement when it happened—a glare of blinding lights and a roar of sound rushing toward them. A CAR!

It was upon them before they could possibly get out of the way. Jimmy, trying to dodge, saw the huge wheel pass within inches. He thought he heard a soft popping sound before the wind of the car's passage bowled him over unconscious.

He woke up in Professor Tubal's easy chair with more popping sounds in his ears. A glance toward the window showed him the jolly little professor snapping his fingers at Bufo who sat contentedly in the bottom of the fish bowl on his cushion of moss.

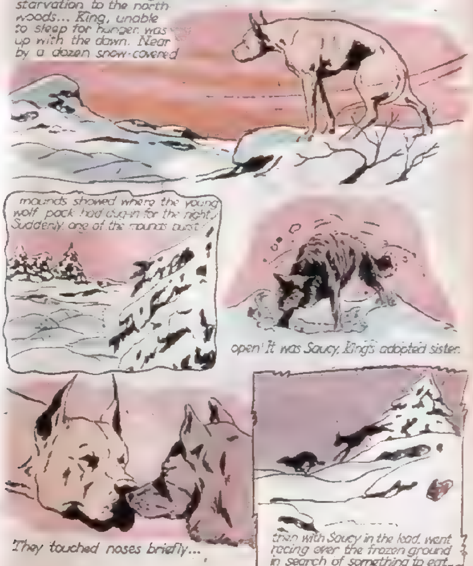
"Bufo!" Jimmy cried, jumping to his feet. "You weren't hit by that car after all!"

Through the glass of the bowl he saw the toad's throat swelling with air, like a bagpipe. And sweet and clear rose the same lovely note he had heard at the edge of the little pond.

Bufo was singing to his friends.

KING

COPR, [illegible], BY OSCAR LEBECK



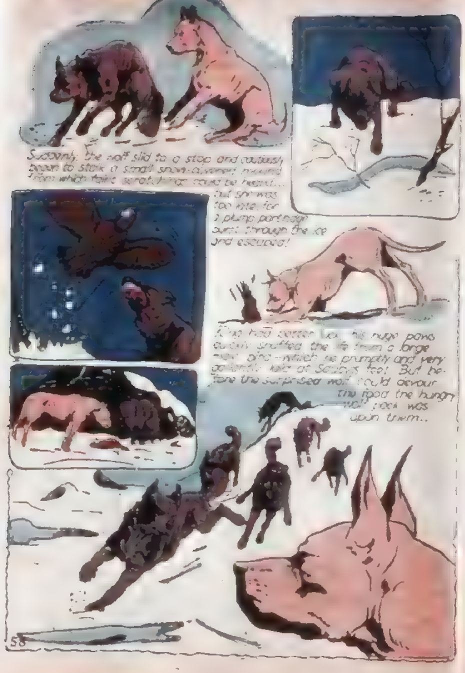
A bitter winter brought starvation to the north-woods... King, unable to sleep for hunger, was up with the dawn. Near by a dozen snow-covered

mounds showed where the young wolf pack had dug-in for the night. Suddenly one of the mounds burst

open! It was Saucy, King's adopted sister.

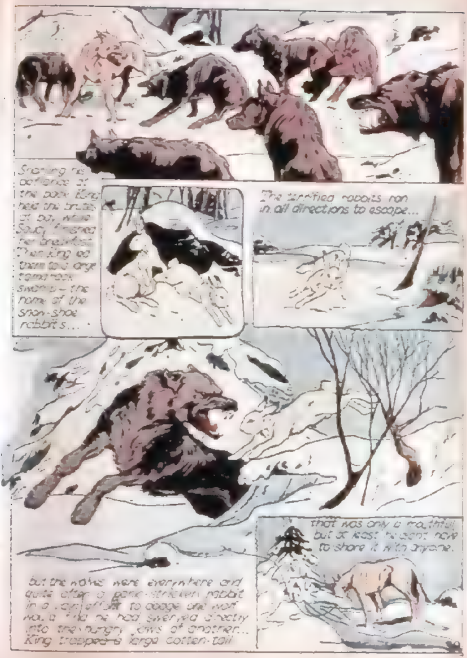
They touched noses briefly...

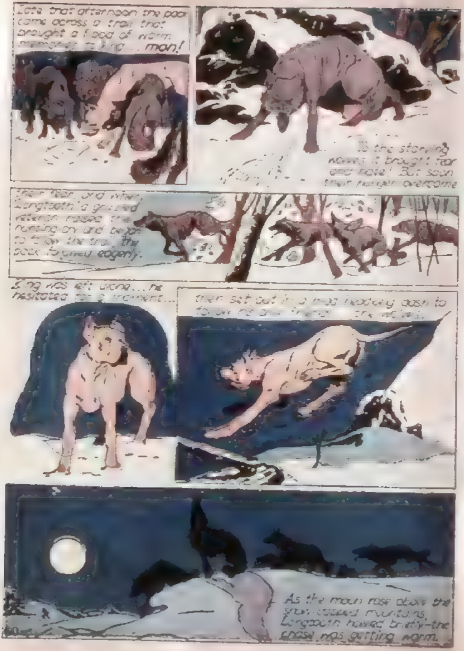
then with Saucy in the lead, went racing over the frozen ground in search of something to eat.

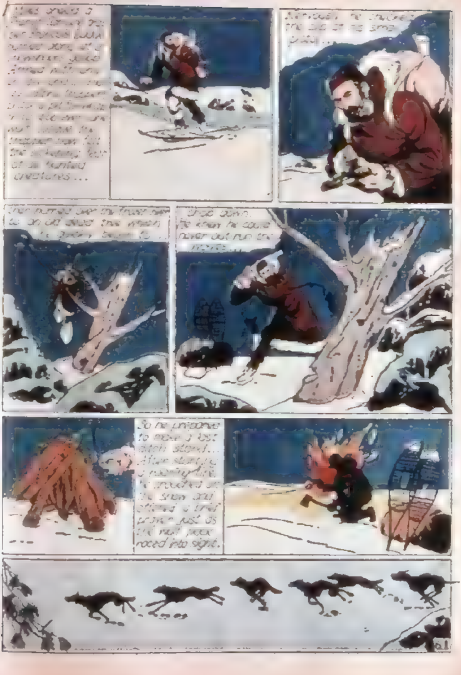


Suddenly, the wolf slid to a stop and cautiously began to stalk a small snow-covered mound from which faint scratchings could be heard... but she was too late, for a plump partridge burst through the ice and escaped!

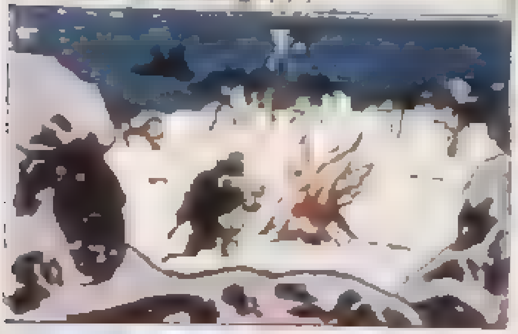
[illegible] had better luck. His huge paws quickly snuffed the life from a large [illegible] bird—which he promptly and very gallantly laid at Sauby's feet! But before the surprised wolf could devour the food the hungry wolf pack was upon them..

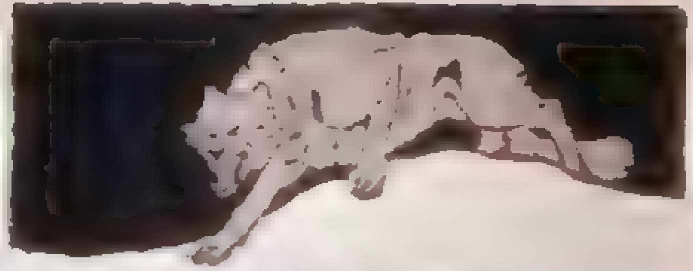

Snarling his defiance at the pack King held the brutes at bay, while Sault finished her breakfast. Then King led them to a large tamarack swamp – the home of the snow-shoe rabbits...
The terrified rabbits ran in all directions to escape...
but the wolves were everywhere and quite often a panic-stricken rabbit in a vain effort to dodge one wolf would find he had swerved directly into the hungry jaws of another... King trapped a large cotton-tail
that was only a mouthful but at least he didn't have to share it with anyone.


Late that afternoon the pack came across a trail that brought a flood of warm memories to King . . . man!
To the starving wolves it brought fear and hate! But soon their hunger overcame
their fear, and when Longtooth, a grizzled veteran, raised the hunting cry and began to follow the trail, the pack followed eagerly.
King was left alone . . . he hesitated for a moment . . .
then set out in a mad headlong dash to follow his new friends . . . the wolves.
As the moon rose above the snow-capped mountains, Longtooth howled briefly—the chase was getting warm.

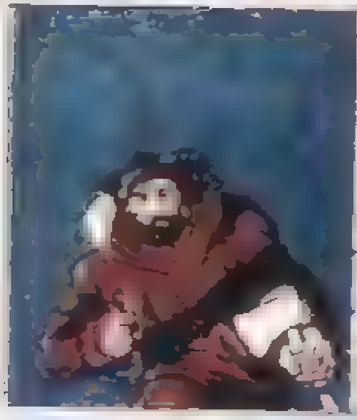

[illegible] creatures ...
[illegible] the last of his [illegible]
[illegible] over the frozen [illegible] to an old [illegible] tree [illegible]
[illegible] He knew he could never out run them ...
So he [illegible] to make a last ditch stand... [illegible] the snow and [illegible] just as the [illegible] raced into sight.

At the edge of the firelight, the wolves halted, waiting for an opening...

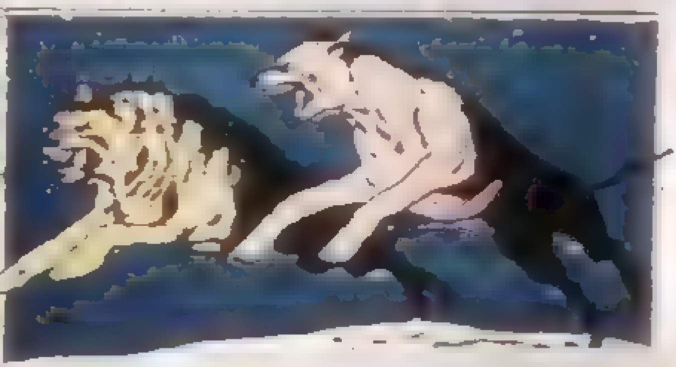


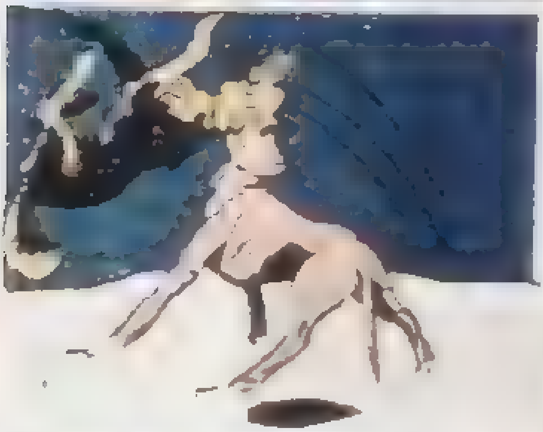


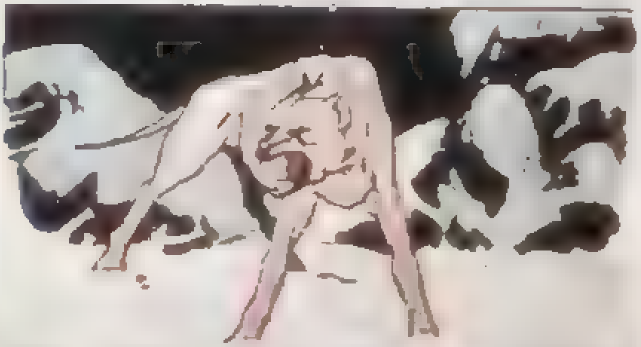
Old Longtooth, self appointed leader, slowly began to edge nearer and nearer his hunger making him forget his fear of fire and man...



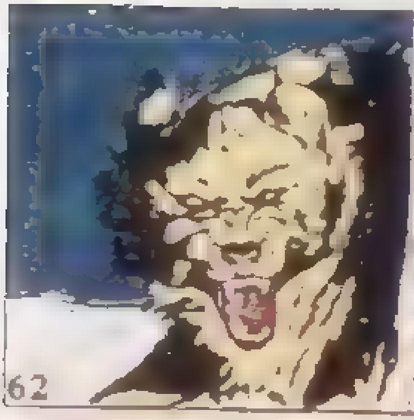
Before he could reach Longtooth, he felt his rush. But at that instant [illegible] [illegible] leaped through the ring of wolves and caught the old wolf by the throat.

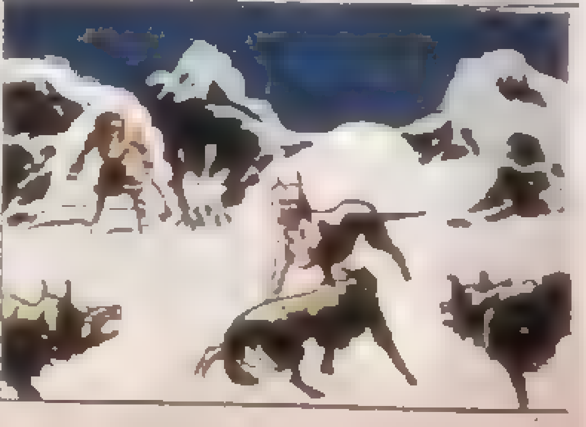


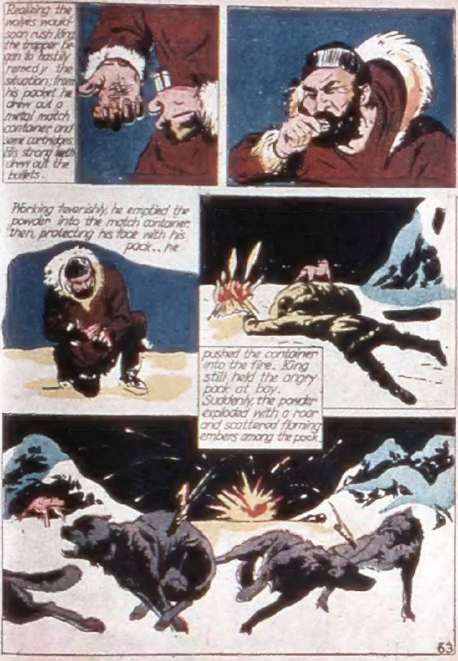




He caught Longtooth unawares and tossed him back with a broken neck. The next instant he stood snarling defiance at the pack, a man's dog, loyal to the last. The astonished wolves drew back; none had the courage to face the huge dog. The trapper stared in amazement at this miracle that had saved his life.



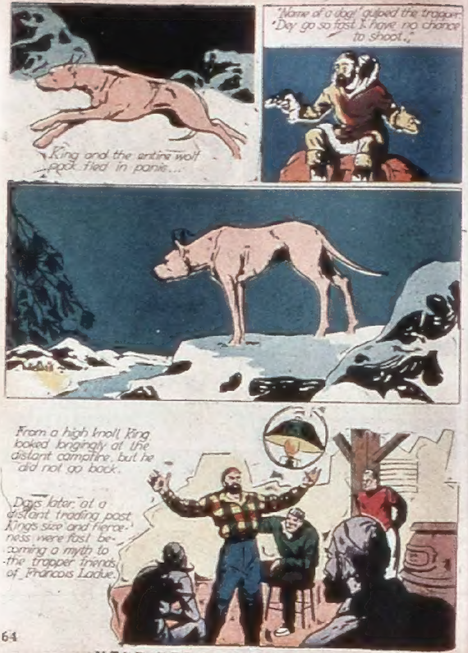




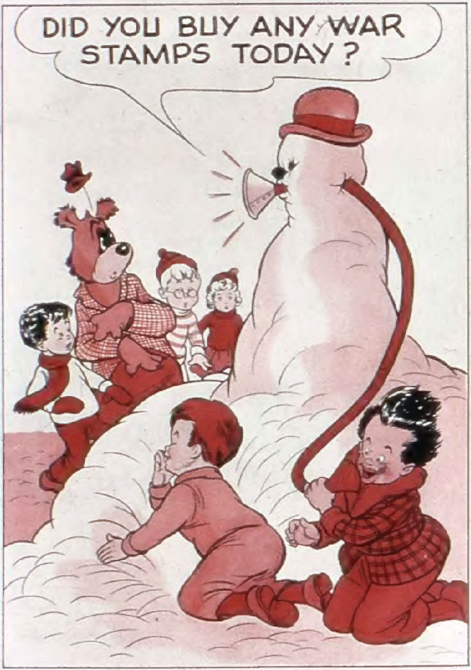
Realizing the wolves would soon rush King the trapper began to hastily remedy the situation; from his pocket he drew out a metal match container and some cartridges. His strong teeth drew out the bullets.

Working feverishly, he emptied the powder into the match container then, protecting his face with his pack... he

pushed the container into the fire. King still held the angry pack at bay. Suddenly, the powder exploded with a roar and scattered flaming embers among the pack.


King and the entire wolf pack fled in panic...
"Name of a dog!" gulped the trapper. "Dey go so fast I have no chance to shoot."
From a high knoll King looked longingly at the distant campfire, but he did not go back.
Days later, at a distant trading post King's size and fierceness were fast becoming a myth to the trapper friends of Francois Ladue.

HELP KEEP AMERICA STRONG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